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WEEKLY
ENTERPRISE.

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SATURDAY, : : SEPTEMBER 16.

THE ANTI-THINKERS.—In all communities there are men who exert an influence over the mind and action of others that are too weak to be independent and original. Hence, if any event occurs, worthy, or unworthy of consideration, the leaders must first give their opinion, then the rest speak, all alike, and public opinion is formed. There must be a beginning to everything, and whatever way is the easiest to arrive at a result, is the one always adopted. So it is with that gossiping class, who are always talking about whatever happens, publicly or privately. They never think themselves, but want to talk, and it is easier to all talk alike, than to reason and study to find a true opinion. Thinking men will seldom entertain the same opinion upon any subject, and if there were more thinking men we would never find a whole, or a part, of any community agreeing exactly upon creeds, systems or events.

The man who has enough independence to speak just what he thinks, is the man for a progressive age, even though, he may arrive at wrong conclusions. His being wrong should not condemn him, for to be always right is an impossibility, it is his originality, and his efforts to establish what he believes true, that should be admired, not the abstract of his being perfectly correct.

Men who fall in with the great throng always and ride on its fickle waves, are but bubbles. They are known only as such, and in a little while they break, disappear and are forgotten. They reach their perfection in a day, and live upon the words and thoughts of others. They imagine themselves great when they are little. They lean against mountains and try to overthrow them by the force of their minds, but the mountains laugh at their insignificance.

CORN AND WHISKEY.—It is estimated that there were eight hundred millions of bushels of corn raised in the United States last season. One hundred millions of bushels, or one eight of this amount, was consumed in the manufacture of whiskey and other liquors. The almost yield of the country this season will not exceed four hundred millions of bushels. If as much corn whiskey is manufactured this year as last, but three hundred millions of bushels will be left for other purposes than distillation. In order that neither man or beast may suffer for want of the grain for food, we advise distillers to use but little corn juice with their drugs, and to immediately commence sinking artesian wells on their premises, that the supply of water for "manufacturing purposes," may be abundant.

FAILURE OF THE PROTECTION INSURANCE CO.—Authentic reports have reached us that the Hartford Protection Insurance company has completely failed. It was one of the oldest companies in the United States, and issued policies upon more property, perhaps, in every town in the country, than any other association engaged in the business.—The supposed cause of the failure, though the company has been embarrassed for a long time, was the great number of fires which have occurred within a few years in large cities, destroying much valuable insured property. It is stated also, that the company managed its financial affairs too loosely to secure it against embarrassment.

ONE OF OUR GREAT MEN.—The following letter was sent to a St. Louis editor by Col. Benton, shortly after the late Missouri election, at which he was defeated for congress:

SIR:—In 1849 I stated repeatedly in my public speeches in the State of Missouri, that the old saying that 'Republics are ungrateful,' was a falsehood and a calumny, sir; but I now find that I was then mistaken. I am now fully convinced of the truth of the old saying—Republics are ungrateful, sir. I have been beaten for Congress in my own district, sir, and I know, sir; that no such result could have been produced except by the basest ingratitude, sir. Am I not Old Bullion, sir? Did not I, solitary and alone, put the ball of the Expunging resolution in motion? Didn't I advocate in many speeches the reduction of the duty on salt? Didn't I throttle and kill that monster the United States Bank? Was I not in the Senate for thirty years? And have I not written a thirty years' view, sir? No, sir—it is false, sir—and if you affirm to the contrary, sir, you are a liar and a dirty dog, sir—misrepresenting the truth for criminal purposes, sir. But I know who it was that beat me, sir—it was not the Whigs, sir—it was the Nullifiers, sir—they are scamps and rollens, sir—they must have been in conclave with the 6,000 victims who died of cholera in St. Louis in 1849.

Yes, sir, a conclave, sir—con with, and clavis a key, sir—lock up with them, sir And, sir, I assert it, the shade of Calhoun was also locked up with them, and held their keys, sir. For these base conspirators against 'me and mine,' sir, are nothing but adjuncts of Calhoun, sir—joined to him, sir. Ad to, and junctus joined.

Yours inveterately,

THOS H. BENTON.

SPRINGFIELD, Sept. 7th, 1854

As I am about to leave Springfield, I take pleasure in recommending to my former patrons and the public generally, Dr. J. D. Harper, a gentleman whose qualifications as a physician, surgeon and oculist are unquestionable.

W. H. WHITE, M. D.

The above comes from a source of the highest personal and professional respectability. Dr. Harper's large and increasing practice in all departments of his profession, is the greatest evidence of his ability to treat all diseases to which men are subject. We have seen him perform several operations upon the eye, and in surgery, with the success which none but the truly scientific can achieve. Ten years active practice gives him a full, and the right kind of knowledge, of all western diseases.

DANGEROUS PRACTICE.—A short time since the city council passed an ordinance to prevent the firing of guns and pistols within the city limits, yet we notice that the enactment is entirely disregarded, particularly by mischievous boys. At all hours of the day, and often at night, the reports of guns and pistols are heard and no one tries to prevent it. Yesterday a boy in the Third Ward fired a gun loaded with ball and shot, and hit a little girl, who was standing in range some distance off upon the head; fortunately the deadly missiles were too much spent to produce any injury. The practice of shooting in a city, is too dangerous to be permitted, and to prevent it here the city officers have only to do their duty.

HEALTH OF THE CITY.—Since the change in the weather took place the long continued good health of the city has considerably diminished, yet not to an extent necessary to excite alarm. After suffering with extreme heat and breathing dust for nearly three months, people cannot expect to entirely escape sickness when showers begin to fall, and the atmosphere suddenly changes and becomes almost cool enough for winter fires. The number of deaths occurring within the last ten days is about thirty, several of which were probably from cholera.

We hope to be able to say next week, that the health of the city was never better.

I HAVE LOVED FOUR.—The first one I loved! Oh! in what way can I describe how I loved him! How tell the delicious tremor that seized me when I heard his voice, or the happiness I had experienced in looking at him, or the tender care I took to produce a smile on his lip? And yet, I must confess, he was ugly—very decidedly ugly. But he was my first love, the first being who had made my heart palpitate the whole day; who clothed my dreams with ever smiling images; who opened to me an entirely new life; and from that time I comprehended no happiness which was not through him; no sentiments which were not of him; no duties I would not have sacrificed to him. Each of his words made every fibre of my frame vibrate; each look, whether gay or quiet, reflected itself in delicious joy in the depths of my heart; and when his mouth multiplied kisses on mine; when his arm formed a caressing collar around my neck; when his hands played with the braids of my hair; happiness elevated my emotions toward heaven; for then I understood the enjoyment of angels. Near him all other sentiments faded. What to me now were the bonds imposed by law or habit; what the pleasures of society, the triumphs of self-love? How many times to remain near him, have I laid aside my festival ornaments, preferring his simple words to all the intoxicating praises of the world! How I loved to see my golden girdle bruised between his fingers, or the garland with which I had coquettishly decked my brow, trampled under his feet. Oh! for him what should I not have demanded of heaven, and what affection could ever rival him in my soul! Notwithstanding, I must tell it. A year of intoxication had hardly passed, when another sentiment invaded my heart. No power could oppose itself to the interest with which another being inspired me, an entire stranger, but whose candid expression awoke in me a thousand hopes. He had glorious eyes, from which I learned to draw the tenderness; and when he leaned his head on my bosom, when he murmured my name like the first note of a new love song, I said to myself, "Here, also, is the happiness of loving." I welcomed this thought, it doubled my delight, and I loved them both! How in some time from this, was found near me. Oh! such a handsome fellow, with pale complexion and blue eyes, I dare hardly tell you.

However, since my pen is vowed to truth, and my heart must here betray its secrets, I will confess that this passion was not solely one of those piquant episodes which glide across the heavens without disturbing their harmony. My young love took his place in my heart, and to keep him there, I lavished my tenderest caresses. I loved to follow the development of his first desires, to reap myself only the efforts of his sensibility. I was not persuaded that the heart of a woman resembled a flower, whose perfume is love, and that an affection the more, but added another branch. Could I then resist the new sentiment that afforded itself to me? —and—I loved all three! Oh! if I could only surround in mystery what remains to be told; if I could only seal in the depths of my heart this last weakness of my nature, if I could only stop at the [illegible] number of my first loves. But alas! destiny is great, inexpressible, and in spite of myself, I [illegible] by adoring a child, a veritable child, who came to be here from the blue ethereal heaven, for he was beautiful as the cherubims who [illegible] over the head of the Virgin, and his mouth when he smiled, would have made Eve sin. [illegible] must have looked thus when he tempted [illegible] and his eyes had that innocent voluptuousness that made one hope all things, pardon all things. Amiable, and gracious, submitting to your caprices, anticipating your desires, covering you with gentle looks and charming caresses—to see him was to love him—and that is why I loved him.

[illegible] Oh! marvelous prodigality of heart. can it be true? Four loved at once!—Happy with the same happiness, partaking of the same favors, receiving the same smiles, the same looks, the same caresses, and that too without jealously tarnishing for a single instant the harmony of these loves. For, it was one of the incomprehensible mysteries that nature alone reveals to the heart of woman. And now, if you would like to understand it—if you would like to know how I could love them all, how they could all love me, and how we could all live together, raise the curtain, which [illegible] the picture, and you will [illegible] AND [illegible]

ANTICIPATED RESULTS OF THE WAR.—In the July number of the West Minster review, there is an interesting article on the "Russo-European Embroilment." The effect of the war in changing the relations of the German dynasties to the Czar, is evinced in the recent treaty of France between Austria and Prussia, whereby the parties, guaranteeing a mutual defence of their German and non-German dominions, proclaim a resolve henceforth to depend, not on the Czar, but on one another, for mutual support of domination. By this compact they hope to secure themselves into the confirmed possession of Gallicia and Posen, which fell to their share in the distribution of the territory that once constituted the kingdom of Polland.—The same object has impelled them to deprecate, from the commencement, any charge or modification in the territorial arrangements of Europe as the result of the war. But changes of greater or less magnitude are generally conceded to be necessary to retain the encroachments of Russia; and it may be inferred that, in the event of important conquests, or great successes, on the part of the allies, Russia will be shorn of some of her more recent acquisitions. The organs of public sentiment of all parties in Great Britain advocate such a course. The Westminister Review argues that the Crimea, with its port of Sebastopol must be restored to Turkey; that the independence of Georgia must be re-established, in Caucasus, which must be the barrier against her in that direction; that the navigation of the Black [illegible] of the Danube must be free to all [illegible] Dardanelles be opened to the western [illegible]. The Review argues against the probability of an active co-operation in the war on the part of Austria, on the ground that her interests would be [illegible] by joining either of the belligerents. Her disaffected subjects in Hungary and [illegible] ready to break out into insurrection and [illegible] for either party; and the danger of [illegible] nationality is apprehended to be as great from the action of Russia in revenge for Austrian [illegible] as from that of the allies, in the event of [illegible] with a view to curb the aggressive ambition of their conquered foe.—Blackwood's Magazine contends earnestly for the re-construction of Poland by incorporating Russian Poland, with Courland, Livonia and Esthonia, into an independent state. Such re-establishment may not necessitate the cession by Austria and Prussia of Gallicia and Posen, which territories those powers retained, the re-establishment of the Duchy of Warsaw and the kingdom of Poland. But if the surrender of those provinces should ensue, compensation might be made by the bestowal upon Austria of the Danubian principalities, for which Turkey would receive an ample equivalent in the addition to her dominions of Georgia and the Caucasus, and the restoration of the Crimea; and upon Prussia of such additions from the German states, including perhaps Saxony, whose king might fill the Polish throne as would render her territory more compact and more secure. The re-construction of Poland is the object most strenuously urged by Kossuth and the European revolutionists; and it is observable how exact, in the progress of events, has become the consentaneity on this point between them and British conservatives. But this is perhaps one of the least remarkable of like results to be produced by the successive phases of the impending war.

SHOOTING AFFRAY.—On Saturday the 3d inst., in the edge of Carrollton county, some 18 miles from this place, an affray occurred between two gentlemen by the names of Beard and Foster, which will long be remembered by the citizens of that vicinity with deep regret. These two gentlemen had been engaged in a horse race, which was decided in favor of Beard. Foster denounced the decision as erroneous, and declared his intention of holding on to that portion of the money he by himself, regardless of consequences. Mr. Beard then told him that he was willing to have the judges sworn and strictly abide by their decision, to which Foster would not agree, but said he believed Beard had acted in a fraudulent manner, and that he would have what was right and be his own judge; so saying, he used other very harsh language to Beard and struck him over the head with a stick, and was proceeding to repeat the blow when Beard drew a revolver and discharged the contents of two barrels at Foster, one of which took effect in his left side, from the effects of which his death is feared. Beard immediately surrendered himself to a justice of the peace, and after due examination was acquitted. We gather the above from an eye witness.—[Huntsville Mo. Recorder.

☞ Hon. Richard Yates, the able and faithful Whig representative from the Springfield district, Illinois, is again a candidate. His Nebraska antagonist is a M. Harris, over whom Mr Yates was chosen four years ago. The Loco Foco legislature gerrymandered the district to keep Yates out, but only succeeded in weakening two other districts so far as to let in two other Whigs, without accomplishing their purpose. We shall see if they succeed any better now.—[Boston Atlas.

A FLIRTATION WITH A FAIR AMERICAN.—"What flirts all you men are, said she." "But oh, my sakes, ain't that tree lovely? just one mass of flowers. Hold me up, please, Mr. Slick, till I get a branch of that apple tree. Oh dear! how sweet it smells." Well, I took her in my arms and lifted her up, but she was a long time choosin of a wreath, and that one she put round my hat, and then she gathered some sprigs for a nosegay.—'Don't hold me so tight, please. There, smell that, ain't it beautiful? I hope I ain't shown my ancles." "Lucy, how my heart beats." sais I, and it did, too, it thundered like a sledge hammer; I actually thought it would have torn the buttons off—"Don't you hear it go bump, bump, bump, Lucy? I wonder if it ever bursts like a biler; for holdin' such a gal as you be, Lucy, in one's arms ain't safe, it is as much as one's——!" "Don't be silly," said she, "or I'll get down this minit." "No," said she, "I don't hear a beat. I don't believe you've got any heart at all." "There," said I, bringin' her a little farther forward, "don't you hear it now? Listen." "No," said she, "it's nothin' but your watch tickin'," and she larfed like anything; "I thought so." "You hain't got no heart at all, have you?" says I. "It never has been tried yet," said she. "I hardly know whether I have or not.' 'Oh, then you don't know whether it's in the right place or not?" "Yes," said she, a pullin' of my whiskers; "yes it is just in the right place, just where it ought to be," and she put my hand on it; "where else would you have it, dear, but where it is? But hush!" said she; "I saw Eunice Snare just now; she is a comin' round the turn there. Set me down quick, please. Ain't it provokin'? That gal fairly haunts me. I hope she didn't see me in your arms." "I'll lift her up to the tree, too," said I, "if you like, and then——" "Oh, no!" said she, "it ain't worth while. I don't care what she says or thinks one snap of my finger."

An editor! A being whose hands and brains and heart must never fail: a piece of machinery, which, however badly used, must never stop working—a sort of "perpetual motion," which is never to wear out.

An editor is a Hercules, before the might of whose achievements the labors of the far famed hero of mythology sink into utter insignificance.

Our modern Hercules must strangle every poisonous serpent bred in the rank and miry places of human wickedness.

He must turn back the river of political pollution, purify its turbid waters, and cause them to seek another channel, while suffering in his own person the effects of disturbing the mass of noisome reptiles which feed and fatten on its slimy bed.

He must know things by intuition, which others require years to understand, and if, thro' haste or weariness some error or mis-statement occur, the critic herds of ill omen sieze upon it, and the literary puppies bark at him.

He must have open purse and ready pen for every applicant for alms or a "puff," and a conscience as elastic as India rubber, to meet the demands of many very conscientious and honest patrons.

No time is allowed him for social pleasure or domestic happiness; the dear public never think of such 'luxuries' as appropriate for an editor. He is never to have a house of his own, with some fair spirit for a minister.

Clergymen get bronchial affections and are sent to Europe to recover; lawyers, merchants, physicians, &c., have a respite from toil; but seldom does an editor escape thraldom!

Editors should take more time to themselves. They need rest and ought to have it.

THE ERIE WAR.—The supreme court of Pennsylvania has rendered a long and turgid decision in regard to the Buffalo and State Line, and Erie and North East railroads. The decree was uttered on the 7th inst. It assumes that the roads obstruct certain streets in Erie and Harbor Creek, and presents this verdict, viz: That the defendants shall on, or before the expiration of four months from the above date, break up so much of their said road as lies upon the said streets, and upon the Buffalo road, and remove the materials thereof [illegible] the said streets and road in [illegible] road.

And it is further declared and adjudged that the said defendants are bound to make the borough of Erie, with such limits as it had in 1842, the western terminus of their railroad. It is therefore decreed and ordered, that the same defendants shall, within four months from this date change the route and construction of their railroad accordingly and make then western terminus at what was the eastern limit of the said borough in 1842, or within the same borough in 1842, or within the same borough. And the said defendants shall re-construct their railroad to supply the parts hereby ordered to be broken up according to plans and specifications to be by them made, and to be submitted to and approved by this court, on full notice to the counsel of the commonwealth and not otherwise.

RAILROADS IN THE UNITED STATES AND EUROPE.—One feels the good of a strong government, when he commits himself to the tender mercies of the railroad men. I wish that two or three of our leading companies would send a committee of intelligent men to examine the ways and means by which the roads are managed on the continent of Europe. They would bring back some improvements, but it is very doubtful whether they would be able to introduce them in America. It is no easy matter in a free government, to hold public servants to a strict accountability to law, and where life and property are, as in our country, always at the 'risk of the owners,' we must look for accidents as every day affairs, and the verdict in most cases 'nobody to blame.' I have travelled almost daily on railroads for six months in Europe, and never had a detention of five minutes; I never heard of an accident all that time worth speaking of; never was treated with the slightest discourtesy by an agent of any post and I travelled for thousands of miles with less apprehension of danger, than I felt in riding over ten miles of our first class railroad in the United States And why? Because the European roads are more substantial, not so uneven, managed with more quietness, precision and caution, and the cars move at the same speed as on our roads, with far less jolting and rocking, and man never has that feeling of insecurity which so often comes over him when rattling and banging along in express trains at home.—[Irenaeus Letters.

CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH OF JULY IN HONOLULU.—The seventy-eighth anniversary of the Declaration of American independence was celebrated in Honolulu with unprecedented spirit and display. Not only Americans, but residents from other nations as well as Hawaiians, joined in the festivities. The day was ushered in by a salute soon after midnight. Early in the morning the Consular flags were raised, and the shipping in port were gaily dressed. After other ceremonies, at 10 o'clock, all Honolulu was assembled in the vicinity of the Court House, at which hour a salute was fired by the first Hawaiian Guard. A procession—patriotic ode—Oration by Hon. David L. Gregg, U. S. Commissioner—Music—a Ball and fireworks at night concluded the ceremonies.

The San Francisco Herald says:

"By private advices per Polynesian, we learn that the annexation of the Sandwich Islands has been finally determined upon, and consent for a cession of the sovereignty of the Islands to the United States has been sent to Washington, and that a reply is expected in ninety days."

DEATH OF MRS BENTON.—A good woman has gone to her rest. A dispatch from Washington announces the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Benton, the wife of Hon. Thos. H. Benton. She died in that city on the 10th inst., having long been a sufferer from the disease which has terminated her earthly career. Those who have known Mrs. Benton intimately in our city, bear strong testimony of her many virtues, and her unvarying kindness of disposition. Her feelings of charity embraced all classes, and knew no bounds. Until attacked by disease she was a highly intellectual and noble woman, and the light and life of the society in which she moved. She leaves four daughters to lament her death—two sons had already preceded her to the grave—and the husband will have the sympathy of the nation in a bereavement which is the saddest that can fall to the lot of any man.—[St. Louis Republican.

SCRAP OF HISTORY.—During the revolutionary war, General Lafayette being in Baltimore, was invited to a ball. He went as requested, but instead of joining the amusement, as might be expected of a young Frenchman of twenty-two, he addressed the ladies thus:

"Ladies, you are very handsome; you dance very prettily; your ball is very fine—but my soldiers have no shirts."

The appeal was irresistable. The ball ceased; the ladies went home and went to work, and the next day a large number of shirts were prepared by the fairest hands of Baltimore, for the gallant defenders of their country.

MONDAY, : : SEPTEMBER 18.

A WESTERN PRINTING HOUSE.—Every citizen of the West should feel proud of the success of that which tends to establish and sustain a superior western character. Every improvement in the agricultural, commercial and mechanical condition of our own State, serves to be well spoken of, and heralded through the columns of the newspaper press, that the attention of the world abroad may be attracted to our prosperity, and be led to carefully consider our future greatness. Those men who came here poor and friendless, yet have by perseverance and industry become leading citizens, have built up large and flourishing business establishments, and vastly aided the progress of the State, are the ones most deserving of State praise. They are the ones, and not the clamoring politician, who are entitled to the rewards due energy and greatness.

The art of printing is [illegible] in the West to an extent truly worthy of remark. Western journalism is progressing to a degree as astonishing as the growth of our cities and commerce. It can be accounted for only [illegible] the general intelligence of the p[illegible] the present city at [illegible] trading post; when it began to take the form of a town, a printing press was taken there, and a little newspaper began to talk about the advantages presented by the point for trade, and trade believed what the newspaper said, and now Illinois has a city which will yet be the largest in the whole West. As it advanced, so did the newspaper, and its morning, five large dailies, filled with able and sprightly editorials, are falling by thousands from immense steam presses. The city is ruled by its newspapers, and the whole State feel their influence.

The establishment of the "Democratic Press" is the most extensive printing concern in the State.—The paper first appeared in 1852, and has now a circulation of nearly 2,000 dailies and 5,000 weeklies. The proprietors began with but little capital, which had been earned by hard labor, yet their success has been so great that they have been compelled to introduce in their office, almost monthly since they commenced, new and expensive improvements. They have four large steam newspaper, book and job presses, [illegible] hand job presses, all of which are kept running day and night. Besides printing their [illegible] paper they print 16 other dailies, weeklies, [illegible] which, numbered for one year including the Democratic Press, make 3,995,751 sheets. The number of persons attached to the office is 91 and the yearly expense, estimated by the amount of last year amount to $87,780 32.

These facts are sufficient to show that the office of the Democratic Press is both extensive and prosperous. It is a Printing House in a true sense, and the proprietors have in two years, laid the foundation of a permanent business, wealth, and an enviable reputation. The paper has done more toward giving the State a good name abroad, than any other journal [illegible] favored every principle in politics that will secure harmony to its party and the industrial progress of the country. We maintain, therefore, that such a journal is an honor to the State, and properly entitled to the highest respect. As a news and family paper, the Press is unequalled in the West. It gives the latest of all passing events, the true state of the markets, and [illegible] reading [illegible] been Democratic in the sacred [illegible] led to preserve the Union in friendship and peace. But since the election of the present President, and the origination of the Nebraska Bill, Democracy has changed; or rather [illegible] who profess it have changed, and become the [illegible] followers of a reckless demagogue. Those who oppose him in his attempts to force his measures into favor by acrimonious declamation, are called abolitionists, villifiers and infamous persecutors. Journals belonging to the new-one-man Democracy are authorized, by their petty masters, to read every cotemporary who advocates old Democracy out of the existing party, and abuse them with shameful epithets and false misrepresentations. The Democratic Press was the first victim in the State, and no means have been left untried by which the paper, and John L. Scripps and William Bross, the editors, might be injured. Yet the result of a course so beggarly mean, will be the increased prosperity of the Press, which will live in power and respectability, when Douglas and his choicest friends are completely powerless and completely disgraced.

THE GREATEST OF HIS LIFE.—It will be remembered that about two weeks since an editorial appeared in this paper, headed as above, wherein the following occured which we find in a Buffalo paper, credited to the Columbus, Ohio, "City Fact."

"Senator Douglas has, during his political career, made several speeches, each of which has been pronounced the 'greatest of his life.' He has, too, written several political letters, but 'the greatest of his life' has never been made public.—It was received in this city a few days ago. It was addressed to one of his underlings, who had much to do in securing Harris' election. In speaking of Yates, the Senator says: 'BEAT THE DAMNED LITTLE PUP, cost what it will, and it will learn him to let our business alone.' We obtain this from one of the oldest and most respectable citizens of Springfield, and did we not believe it strictly true we should not refer to it."

It appears that this has been published in all parts of the Union, and commenting upon it, the Cleveland Plaindealer says:

"Douglas never wrote such a line. Senator Douglas does not [illegible] It never was heard to use profane [illegible] professor of religion, [illegible] model man morally. All his personal [illegible] bear testimony to this."

The Plain Dealer [illegible] too foolish to laugh at. We are perfectly certain that Douglas did write a letter to this city containing what we imputed to him concerning Yates and Harris. In as much as the paper [illegible] publishing the beauties of a United States Senator in full we will give them another [illegible]. In 1851 when the democratic national convention met at Baltimore, Douglas, anxious for the presidency, rented a large room in the building near the battle monument, and filled it with the best of liquors to be found. The delegates to the convention were invited to help themselves; meanwhile the liberal and ambitious senator was in Washington connected with the telegraph office, to which hourly dispatches were sent announcing the progress of the balloting in the convention. At one time Douglas received a large vote, upon hearing it, he suddenly elevated himself momentarily from the floor and shouted, "by G—d I'm president on the next ballot!"

THE PHILADELPHIA RIOT.—From the testimony taken concerning the Philadelphia riot, it appears the disturbance would have been slight but for the officers firing revolvers. Most of the prisoners were strangers, and mostly from New York. 13 of the accused are held to bail in $1300, and six others for a further hearing, and committed to await the result of the injuries of the police officers wounded in the fray.

POLICE COURT.—There were two cases of assault before Judge Adams, on Saturday last.

Charles McKibbie was found guilty of assaulting Alfred Richardson. Fined $3.

Owen Owens, for assaulting Benjamin Teed.—Fined $5.

ANOTHER SECRET MEETING.—The Know Nothings held another secret meeting yesterday at the Post Office. Ex-Major Harris being present, proceeded to instruct his friends, in attendance, in the mysteries of various new tricks he has devised with the design of making votes. After some deliberation a list of all the uncertain democrats, and uncertain whigs, in the district, was produced and carefully examined, during which the ex-major remarked, pointing to the names enrolled, "these are the fellows we have got to work with; they don't care a d—— how they vote if you only stuff 'em a little." To this all agreed, and the "stuffin" machines were then talked of, and to, in regard to the immediate necessity of very hard "work," as the greatest possible danger existed. At length the meeting adjourned and the democratic candidate for congress, in the sixth district, state of Illinois, was seen boldly coming out of a dirty alley running west from the market house.

The people of this district should not forget that Mr. Harris has more confidence in the scheming powers of a few Government office holders, and clique leaders, stationed at the capital, than he has in the integrity of his character, or his principles. Instead of coming out in full view of the public, like a man claiming the political support of men, he creeps cautiously into the city, and the other towns in the district, and taking back unfrequented streets, seeks places to closet with the man servants of the Douglas household. He seems to depend entirely upon intrigues for success, proving that he is a corrupt member of a corrupt party, that he leads the rottenest of the littlest of little leaders. He cannot move in the canvass without frequent and secret consultations with the others.

The plan now undertaken, whereby the uncertain of both parties may be induced to vote for Harris, shows that he is fearful of his election and incompetent to convince men, by public argument, that his views are correct and popular. By working privately with those who pay little attention to elections or party doctrines, he thinks to become the representative of the finest district in the State. Persons thus situated will degrade themselves as American citizens and intelligent men whenever they allow a Harris-loving [illegible] to persuade them to vote for him from any consideration. The man who will permit himself to pledge his support to a candidate from mere coaxing, or for promises, or pay, is no man at all, he is a flimsy heap of brainless flesh, thrown into the commonwealth to fill an awkward joint.

All know that the voice of democracy is continually raised against that new party which holds secret meetings, which is afraid to publish its doctrines to the world, which seeks power by the private expression of horrible sentiments. When this is again proclaimed, turn and look square into the face of democracy, and you will see ex-major Thomas L. Harris, and a few of his kind, hid away, secretly inventing plans to secure his election. They meet not like the new party, to promulgate wise and pure patriotic doctrines, but to pollute the election franchise, to play the political scamp, to obtain office by degrading plots to pick the [illegible] on the face of old party corruption—bold, daring, ever public democracy how free from secrecy are all your deeds!

THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE SINKING.—The foundations of the Governor's house appear to be sinking under the weight of brick and mortar they sustain. We notice that one of the inner walls of the building has cracked [illegible] The north west corner of the [illegible] place the beautiful front is cracking, the brick parting asunder at the joints, and in some cases, they are actually broken in two. It is to be regretted that more care was not taken in laying the foundations of this large and costly edifice. It seems that the greatest fault of American house builders is neglecting to base their buildings upon very strong and thick foundation walls.

NOTHING LOST.—So various are the appetites of animals, that there is scarcely any plant which is not chosen by some and left untouched by others. For that which certain animals grow fat upon, others abhor as poison. Hence no plant is absolutely poisonous, but only respectively. Thus the sponge, that is noxious to man, is wholesome nourishment to the caterpillar. That animals may not destroy themselves for want of knowing this law, each of them is guarded by such a delicacy of taste and smell that they can easily distinguish what is pernicious from what is wholesome, and when it happens that different animals live on the same plants, still one kind always leaves something for the others, as the mouths of all are not equally adapted to lay hold of the grass—by which means there is sufficient food for all.

AN ABOLITIONIST.—Last fall the State Register was repeatedly read out of the party for being an "Abolition Concern." It would seem, however, that the rebuke has been unheeded, for we find in its last issue the following abolition sentiment:

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE.—That the repeal of the Missouri restriction has opened to freedom territory lying south of the line of 36° 30', large enough to make States equal in size to New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois.

Mr Douglas won't thank the Register for holding him up as the very prince of Abolitionists. It won't sound well at the South.—[Chicago Dem. Press.

☞ A fashionable lady in Buffalo once said to a friend:

"My new house, now directing, is to be sublimated and splendiferous. There is to be a Porto Rico in front, a Pizarro in the rear and a [illegible] all around it. The water is to come in at the side of the house in an anecdote, the lawn is to be degraded, and some large trees to be supplicated in the [illegible] of the rear."

This lady has retired to the [illegible] of the country to lead a sedentary life.

☞ The Boston Post says that two women will spread out their clothes so as to take up the entire [illegible] of an omnibus, thus occupying the room designed for eight; and then if another woman presents herself at the door, they will cry out, 'You cannot come in here! There aint any room.' But if a man wants to get in, they can make room easy enough, right down between them.

THE CHOLERA AT COLUMBIA, PENN.—GREAT MORTALITY.—COLUMBIA, Penn., Sept. 11.—The cholera is still raging here, the deaths since Friday [illegible] numbering fifty-two.

Passengers from Columbia represent the ravages of the disease as awful. Up to four o'clock this afternoon 67 deaths had taken place, and seventeen new cases are reported to-day. Just as the cars were leaving, 17 patients were brought in from Sarah Furnace.

The Philadelphia physicians discovered that the reservoir water was the cause of the disease, as those who drank spring water were exempt from it. It is supposed they they will be able to check the spread of the disease. The train this evening took four car loads of citizens with their families down to York and its vicinity.

☞ A marriage took place the other day between a Miss Jones and a Mr. Eddy. On the strength of this an editor in the neighborhood gets off the following:—"In drifting down the stream of life, Miss Jones has got within the influence of an 'Eddy' that will cause her to revolve in a circle of heart tude for the remainder of her existence.'

☞ 'Mother where do all the people go to when they die?' asked a little boy. 'To heaven, my son, if they have been good.' 'Well, then, why do they dig so many holes for them, if they all go to heaven?' 'Run to the carpenter's my son, and bring some chips to make your father's supper.'

☞ "In our country, sir," said an Italian, "we have the ever burning Vesuvius."—"Have you, indeed?" rejoined a son of America; "but please to remember that in ours we have the ever glorious Falls of Niagara, which would put it out in five minutes."

A TRUTHFUL IRISHMAN.—The following letter is from Mr. Patrick Lynch, editor of the "Irish American Newspaper, New York. What he says is true, and so all will find when they read his remarks:

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN AND FRIENDS.—I desire to point your special and emphatic attention to the approaching elections. You have at present opposed to you a bitterly inimical and powerful secret society called the "Know Nothings"—opposed to you, to us Irishmen particularly—on the grounds that we are impudent and voracious cormorants of petty places under government; that we are ignorant, turbulent and brutal; that we are led by the nose and entirely controlled by our clergy; that we are willing subjects of a foreign prince—the Pope; that we are only lip republicans; that we are not worthy of the franchise, that by the largeness of our vote and the clannishness of our habits and dispositions, we rule, or aspire to rule America; that we are drunkards and criminals; that we fill the work-houses and prisons; that we keep up taxes on industrious and sober and thrifty citizens; and that for these and other reasons, we should be deposed from our citizenship, and, in fact, rooted out of this American nation, as a body, by every fair and foul means. And I can tell you that outside the secret organization of the Know Nothings outside and beyond its influence and power, all no-[illegible] and anti-Catholic sentiment prevails.

It is as idle as it would be criminal to deny the fact. There it remains, palpable and tangible before us;—and if we have one particle of common sense left, we must look at it straight in the face.

Now, fellow countrymen, from my seven years experience in this country, and especially in this city, I am called on to say that some misguided parties among you do act improperly, riotously, and turbulently at elections. I tell you that they do. They act improperly by making parties, factions, knots, cabals, coteries, about the polling places and ballot boxes. And I tell you it is a thing to go to the heart of a sober quiet and respectable American, or German, or Frenchman, to find a party of clamorous, riotous, noisy, intoxicated rowdies actually blocking up the way, and preventing the free and honest and quiet use of the noblest earthly gift of man, the Elective Franchise. Indeed I have seen these things, and as far as I could judge, I was obliged to admit and conclude, that these turbulent party and faction men were, in many instances, Irishmen born.

Let me add, that to quiet, and order-loving, and respectable, and educated Americans, scenes of this kind must be very disgusting, and must plant in the minds of men, otherwise friendly and sympathetic, a feeling of aversion to our name and race not easily eradicated. I am aware that Americans and Irish politicians form an unholy compact to win a party battle and carry a particular point; and that taking in account the money, the advance, the promises of employment and donations they hold out, the liquor, [illegible] showered about; it is hard for poor and hard worked and jaded laborers to resist the temptations thrown in their way. And I am [illegible] the professed politician and [illegible] balance [illegible]

But fellow countrymen—[illegible] you will invariably stop the [illegible] of the infuriated and disappointed [illegible] The really guilty party will be [illegible] a safe distance from riot and bloodshed, smoking his cigar and sipping his brandy and water, while you will be spilling your own and others blood for wretched bribe, and without the [illegible] of a noble or virtuous cause to engage your [illegible] support.

Believe me, the crisis has come. Believe me, the Know Nothings will leave no [illegible] untried to destroy your clannish influence at the ballot-box. No matter what violent or outrageous turn their passions may take, there is an excuse for it in your turbulent and riotous demeanor on election day.

A NEW STYLE OF BRICKS.—Among the more recent inventions patented by English manufacturers, perhaps the most important and interesting is that of Mr. Summerfield of the Glass Works, Bingham Heath, for what [illegible] grooved bricks. It has already attracted the attention of several eminent architects and builders, and there is little doubt that this new description of brick will come into [illegible] or other clay can be combined with glass, and [illegible] will secure durability, entire resistance to moisture, and give an ornamental appearance to the building. The form of the bricks is also by means of a groove at the side and end, made so as to add greatly to the strength of the erection, the joints by this means being brought nearly close together, forming a neat exterior, and the mortar acts as a wedge, from the shape of the groove.

ELOQUENCE AND HUMOR OF PATRICK HENRY.—Patrick Henry was a distinguished orator and patriot of Virginia, who lent his powerful influence to the cause of the revolution. Hook was a Scotchman, a man of wealth, and suspected of being unfriendly to the American cause. During the distresses of the American army, consequent on the joint invasions of Cornwallis and Phillips, in 1781 a Mr. Venable, an army commissary, had taken two of Hook's steers for the use of the troops. The act had not been strictly legal; and, on the establishment of peace, Hook, on the advice of Mr. Cowan, a gentleman of some distinction in the law, thought proper to bring an action of trespass against Mr. Venable, in the district court of New London.

Mr Henry appeared for the defendant and is said to have disported himself in this cause to the infinite enjoyment of his hearers, the unfortunate Hook always excepted. After Mr Henry became animated in the cause, says a correspondent, he appeared to have complete control over the passions of his audience; at one time he excited their indignation against Hook, vengeance was visible in every countenance; again, when he chose to relax, and ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter.

He painted the distresses of the American army, exposed, almost naked, to the rigors of a winter's sky, and marking the frozen ground over which they trod with the blood of their unshod feet.—"Where is the man," he said, "who has an American heart in his bosom, who would not have thrown open his fields, his barns, his cellar, the doors of his house, the portals of his breast, to have received with open arms, the meanest soldier in that little band of famished patriots? Where is the man?—There he stands—but whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you, gentlemen, are to judge."

He then carried the jury, by the powers of his imagination, to the plains around New York, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of; he depicted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colors of his eloquence, the audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British, as they marched out of their trenches; they saw the triumph that lighted up every patriot face, and heard the shouts of victory, and the cry of "Washington and liberty," as it rung and echoed through the American ranks and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighboring river. "But hark! what notes of discord are those which disturb the general joy and silence the acclamations of victory? They are the notes of John Hook, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, BEEF! BEEF! BEEF!"

The whole audience were convulsed; a particular incident will give a better idea of the effect than any general description. The clerk of the court unable to command himself, and unwilling to commit any breach of decorum in his place, rushed out of the court-house, and threw himself on the grass in the most violent paroxysm of laughter.

Here he was rolling, when Hook, with very different feelings, came out for relief into the yard also. "Jemmy Steptoe," said he to the clerk, "what the deil ails ye, mon?" Mr. Steptoe was only able to say that he could not help it. "Nevermind ye," said Hook, "wait till Billy Cowan gets up; he'll show him the law!"

Mr. Cowan, however, was so completely overwhelmed by the torrent which bore upon his client, that when he rose to reply to Mr. Henry, he was scarcely able to make an intelligent or audible remark. The cause was decided almost by acclamation. The jury retired for form's sake, and instantly returned with a verdict for the defendant.

Nor did the effect of Mr. Henry's speech stop here. The people were so highly excited by the tory audacity of such a suit, that Hook began to hear all round him a cry more terrible than that of beef; it was the cry of tar and feathers; from the application of which it is said, nothing saved him but a precipitate flight and the speed of his horse.

☞ A story is told of an old Dutchman, for many years the keeper of a ferry, who was one day crossing with a large load of passengers who, with one exception, addressed each other as colonel, major, captain, judge, etc. When the fare came to be paid, he charged them one shilling each.—"What is my fare?" said the gentleman who had no title, after the rest had all paid. "Your fare," said the Dutchman, "your fare is chust nothing,—you is de first high private Yankee ever carried over dis creek, and you is welcome!"

RARE.—Years ago, a hard Vermont farmer, not altogether versed in the public literature of fashionable cookery, having, by hard knocks acquired considerable property, took it into his head to visit Boston, and started accordingly with his best one horse team. Stopping near noon at one of the 'smart' villages on the road, he put up for a time and ordered dinner. When asked what he preferred, he mentioned beef-steak, whereupon the landlord inquired whether he would have it rare or well done. This was a stumper for our friend; but thinking there might be something 'glorious' in the 'unusual,' he assumed the air of one who 'knew the bricks,' and ordered it rare. All things in readiness our hero took a seat at the table and commenced a vigorous onslaught on the smoking viands placed before him. At the first cut of the steak, blood very generously followed the knife, at which he started back in astonishment, and rang the bell furiously. Directly a waiter answered the summons, and inquired what he wished.

'I want this beef cooked,' said the guest.

'But you ordered it rare,' replied the waiter.

'I know it,' said the guest, assuming to understand the matter fully, 'but it is not quite right; you may take it out and rare it over again!'

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—We don't believe the following anecdote has been printed, and it is too good to be lost.

One day an honest Hibernian strolled into one of our churches—no matter where—on communion Sunday; and at the invitation usually given for 'all in regular standing, &c.,' he being somewhat verdant in matters of that kind thought he would stay, too. Accordingly he remained in his pew, and waited to see how the waters would move. Soon the venerable man approached him, and offered him the bread and the cup. He took a generous sup of the latter and some of the former, and the good man passed along. Going back to the desk, a request was made, if any had been omitted in the distribution they would rise. What was the deacon's astonishment to see the occupant of the stranger's pew arise and with the beck of the finger motion him that way. Observing the sign, he walked towards the beckoner, who arose as he approached, and shading his mouth with his hand as he leaned half over into the aisle, said in a subdued tone—

'Have you any cheese?'

AWFUL AFFAIR IN ALABAMA.——The negro Gilbert, who so barbarously murdered his master, Dr. McDonnell, at Mount Meigs, on Friday last, received a just and summary punishment on Saturday by burning. The known amiability of his master, and the [illegible] malignity of the negro, rendered this mode of punishment not only justifiable, but necessary as an example. The circumstances, as we learn, are these: The doctor, on returning from a day's absence in visiting his patients, learned that the boy Gilbert had been impertinent to his lady who was confined to her bedroom by sickness. He attempted to [illegible] which the boy resisted and escaped from him. The Doctor then went to the stable for the purpose of getting his horse and was waylaid by the boy, who was armed with a heavy billet of white oak, with which he felled him and continued to beat him until his face and head were crushed to a shapeless, hideous mass, which could not be recognized by his nearest friends. The negro then returned to the house boasting of the murderous deed he had perpetrated, and stated that he had killed the d—d rascal, as he had long intended to do, and had left him weltering in his brains, &c. He was immediately arrested and the indignant purpose at first was to hang him instantly that night. Others urged more deliberation. Runners were sent throughout the section to assemble the citizens. A large number of planters from the vicinity convened in the morning, who thoroughly and dispassionately investigated all the circumstances, and resolved on immediate execution by burning. The punishment was just and prompt, and calculated to check the known evils of which so many complain.—[Montgomery Jour., Aug. 30.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE ON BOTH SIDES.—The other day a friend of ours, who is somewhat of a linguist, speaking the French fluently and Spanish tolerably well, found himself in company with two other travellers in a stage that was conveying them from Peekskill to Carmel. The strangers were [illegible] German, and one of them alighted at a [illegible] between the two villages.—Our friend was left with the other traveller for his companion for the journey. The conversation between the two friends had been lively and the silence that ensued when the aforementioned traveller left was painful. At last our friend thought he would endeavor to get up some sort of conversation in order to beguile the time.

'Parlez vous Francais, Monsieur?' said he, addressing the supposed German.

'Non, no, entelder,' replied the other, 'Canst sie Deutch sprachen?'

'Nicht,' replied our friend with a shake of the head but he added, 'Habla V Espanol?'

'Si, Senor, poco,' replied the traveller and a sort of mongrel conversation in tolerable indifferent Spanish, was maintained between the two until the stage stopped at its destination, when both travellers prepared to alight.

'Take care of my baggage, Jim,' shouted the supposed German in unmistakable vernacular, to the driver as he stepped on the stoop of the hotel.

'Wall, sir! do you speak English?' asked our friend in a tone of surprise, 'I thought you were a German.

'To be sure I do. I ought to. I'm a Bostonian; but so do you, I perceive; I thought you were a Frenchman.'

'I am an Englishman,' replied our friend.

'What a pair of darnd simpletons we've been making of each other,' replied the Bostonian.—Come take a drink.'

Nothing loth, the Englishman accepted the offer and the two travellers walked to the bar-room to refresh themselves and to laugh over their ludicrous blunder.—[Exchange paper.

GOT HIM THAT TIME.—The other day one of our livery stable keepers was seated before his establishment, pleasantly regaling himself with a Cuba six—thinking indifferently of the 'mutability of human affairs,' when he was rather unceremoniously accosted by a green specimen of hoosierdom, who came up, mounted on a rather thin, raw-boned, ill-shapen piece of horse flesh, with—

'Want to buy a horse, Mister?'

'Well, don't know,' replied our jockey hero; 'how much do you ask for him?'

'One hundred and fifty dollars,' said the hoosier.

'Can't give it, sir, more than he's worth; but I tell you what I will do, I'll give you, for bridle, saddle and horse $25.

'He's worth more than that,' said greeney, 'but I never let $125 00 split me on a small trade, no how.'

As he said this he slid down from his saddle, presented the bridle to the astonished livery man, received the $25, and eloped. The unfortunate purchaser has since found that he bought rather a dear horse, as he has been trying to give him away ever since and can't do it.

GAS NOT UNHEALTHY.—An opinion is widely prevalent that gas is unfitted for the illumination of private dwellings owing to the heat and noxious vapors it evolves. Nothing can be more erroneous. The heat, it is true, is in proportion to the light given out and if as has been found in the case the four inch pipe will amply supply burners sufficient to evolve the blaze of 2,000 mould candles (Each couple consuming 175 grains of tallow per minute.) the quantity of caloric and carbonic acid given off will be found to be identical.

The Argand, or shadowless gas burner, if encircled by a pale blue glass, yields a perfect homogeneous white light as pure almost as that of day, enabling artists to pursue their labors as satisfactorily during the night as during the blaze of a Southern summer's sun. The expense of artificial light is in the following order, coal gas being by far the cheapest. Then vegetable oil, sperm oil, tallow, wax.

EDUCATION AT THE SOUTH.—A Georgia paper asserts that forty-one thousand white citizens of that commonwealth are unable to read. A Virginia paper declares that in the 'Old Dominion' there are eighty thousand in the same predicament.—Moreover, the evil is conceded to be a growing one. In Virginia for instance the number in 1840 was only sixty thousand, while in Georgia at the same period, it was but thirty thousand. It thus appears that in each of those States the number of uneducated whites is increasing more rapidly than the entire population.

ILLINOISIAN ROBBED AT A CINCINNATI HOTEL.—Last Saturday night Mr. William Malone, a heavy stock dealer, of Morgan, Illinois, was robbed at the Gilt House, in Cincinnati, of a pocket-book containing between $150 and $160 in bank bills, and a note of hand on Henry Tinan, of Christiana, Ills., for $2,280, besides an order on Simon & Co., Cincinnati, for $100. His sleeping apartments had been entered and the pocket book taken from his pantaloons pocket. No clue has been obtained to the perpetrator of the robbery.

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WEEKLY
ENTERPRISE.

If it be true that the citizen is free, he has a right to think for himself. If he thinks correctly, he will speak nought against the public good.

EDITED BY WASHINGTON WRIGHT.

SATURDAY.

SPRINGFIELD, : : : : SEPT. 23, 1851

IMMIGRATION—EFFECTS OF THE WAR IN EUROPE.—The effects of the hostilities now waged on the southern frontiers of Russia, and which promise before long to extend themselves into the heart of Germany, are beginning to make themselves apparent in the statistics of emigration to this country. It will be seen from the following table of the arrival of foreigners during the past month, that there is an unusually large proportion of Germans, who, as they are the most likely to be immediately affected by the present unfortunate state of things on the European continent, are naturally more readily induced to transport themselves to a land where they can find protection for their families and exemption from the hardships of military service. The immigration for August, classified according to nationalities, was as follows:

Irish	8,803	Spanish	85
Germans	73,582	Swiss	401
English	3,338	Dutch	204
Scotch	796	Norwegians	182
Welsh	115	Italians	113
French	689		

For eight months commencing with January and ending with August, the returns show a total arrivals of Irish 54,581, Germans 116,500, making with natives of other countries, a grand total of 200,414.

EMPLOYEES OF THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT.—We have taken pains to obtain a correct list of the employees of the general government. The following is the result, and we defy any one to show that it is incorrect in any essential particular:

WASHINGTON, D. C.

	AMER.	FOR.
State Department	12	16
Treasury Department	131	278
Department of the Interior	338	500
Officers and agents in the service of the House of Representatives	10	10
Post Office Department	11	80
Ministers and Consuls	151	106
Coast Survey	15	30
United States Mint	25	12
Light-house Board, inspectors and keepers	31	392
United States Revenue, Marine Service	35	30
	767	1184

Thus, then, instead of 101, we have a total of ONE THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FOUR FOREIGNERS, TO SEVEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SEVEN AMERICANS!

It may be, and doubtless is true, that the great majority of the offices alluded to are small, petty offices of little moment—watchmen tide-waiters messengers, porters, lock-tenders, &c., but that makes no difference. They might as well be filled by Americans as foreigners. It is an undeniable fact that the leaders of the Democratic party, for the sake of conciliating the foreign vote, have given these little offices, whenever they could do so, to foreigners. In cities where they will make police officers out of every paddy who will vote the "democratic" ticket, the evil is much greater; hence the frequent murders and riots in the cities. Mayor Conrad, of Philadelphia, has taken a noble stand in this matter, having resolved to appoint as police officers, none but native born Americans. Let us hope that this is the first step towards a new order of things, and the time is not far distant when *Americans shall rule America.*

THE SENSES.—The sense of smelling, tasting, and even of feeling or touch, are liable to innumerable causes of deception. It is mentioned in the Museum of Art and Science, that if two fingers of the same hand, being crossed, [illegible] be possible, and a marble or pea is rolled between them, the impression will be, if the eyes are closed, that two marbles or peas are touched. If the nose be pinched and cinnamon be tasted, it will taste like a common stick of deal. Many substances lose their flavor when the nostrils are stopped. Nurses, therefore, upon right and scientific principles, stop the noses of children when they give them disagreeable medicine. If the eyes are blindfolded, and buttermilk and claret be alternately tasted, the person tasting them, after a few repetitions of the process, will be unable to distinguish one from the other.

☞ The total population of Turkey, including the tributary provinces, amounts at present to 35,350,000. Of this number there belongs to European Turkey 15,500,000; to Asiatic Turkey 16,050,000; to Africa (Egypt, Tripoli, Fez, and Tunis,) 3,800,000.

POOR ROGERS.—The Boston Post says that in Maj. Poor's battalion of rifles, of company B., numbering 48 men, more than half of them are named Rogers—the five officers being of the same name—all descended from a revolutionary veteran, still alive, who witnessed the execution of Andre.

☞ The Russian commander at Sweaborg has recently been imprisoned for life. Besides converting two of the ramparts into gardens, for the purpose of raising money by the sale of vegetables, he had sold iron cannon balls by the thousand, and supplied their places by wooden ones painted black.

VIOLENT CONTRASTS.—The world is full of material which put together contrasts violently—here is a specimen:

TAYLORVILLE, Ills, Sept. 13th, 1854.

DEAR WRIGHT.—You will please not send the Capital Enterprise any longer to the undersigned subscribers. We subscribed for the Capital Enterprise because it was neutral in politics, but since your paper is to be devoted to the interests of Dick Yates, and your fire directed against Maj. Harris, in their canvass for congress, we think we do not want your paper any longer. We are all for the Nebraska law and Maj. Harris for congress. You will therefore please furnish the copies of your paper heretofore sent to us, to some of the members of the fusion party.

W. J. MOORE
W. A. GOODWICH.
THOS. L. LONG.
JAMES ASHTON.

All right—now read this:—

JOHN BURNETT,	A. J. BROOKS,
M. S. MORRISS,	ISRAEL CAMPBELL,
B. F. STEPHENSON,	WM. M. CONGILL,
A. F. RAINEY,	WM. S. CONANT.

ED. ENTERPRISE: DEAR SIR:—Fearing that the withdrawal of the patronage of our townsman, "W. J. Robbins" alias A. D. Wright, will cause the failure of the Enterprise, we have seen fit to send the above list for the tri-weekly if you publish one, if not, the weekly. We will probably send you more of the same sort in a few days. B.

Petersburg, Sept. 13th, 1854.

☞ Dr. Graham, confined in the tombs, New York, awaiting trial for the wilful murder of Col. Loring, is said to be very cheerful, and is daily visited by troops of his friends. He has a carpet in his cell, plenty of books, chairs, &c., and is treated by all the officials of the prison with courtesy and kindness. Indeed, officers are rarely as sympathetic, and humane and polite to prisoners and their friends. The unfortunate wives of the murderer and his victim, are with some friends in New York, where they remain until after the trial, Mrs. Loring being required as a witness.

PITTSBURGH, Sept. 15.

The cholera has broken out with great violence [illegible] It is impossible [illegible] but there have been 35 deaths within the 24 hours. Some well known citizens have been carried off in three or four hours.

Great Meeting at Pensacola.

PENSACOLA, Ill., Sept. 10, 1854.

MR. EDITOR:—Supposing that you would like to know things are progressing in this precinct, as concerns the two congressional candidates, Harris and Yates, I thought I would give you a few items of a meeting at Pensacola, on the 7th inst., as I heard them from a friend.

The gentleman who was to enlighten the natives was one of Harris' "boys," who was on the ground at the appointed time with his pockets filled out with "the documents," which was to prove his powerful assertions. From what I heard, he had come out with the expectation of seeing a large majority of the voters of the precinct on hand, but "disappointment is the end of everything which God disapproves," and so it happened in this case, as there were only about twenty, counting the children; but I suppose there would not have been so many as that but there was a "shooting-match" coming off and they had gathered there, the most of them, for that purpose. He came to the conclusion that it would be wisdom, under the circumstances, to dispense with the public speech, and "go at" in a private way, which he did, by getting hold of one of Yates' firmest friends, one who said he had supported Yates, and was proud of it, but who he very soon dropped, like a hot potatoe, as he found that there was some prospect of spoiling the kettle of fish in the start. This, you know, was very discouraging; but his motto seemed to be "never say die." He took several of the young men out, those who had voted the democratic ticket ever since they had a vote; and he "gassed" to them till he tired them out; he then hauled out of his pocket a bundle of old papers, from which he read something to his tired friend, after which he requested his friend to let him have his name, which he did, for fear that if he did not he would keep him there, "gassing" to him till the election. He went off, feeling that he had accomplished a deed worthy of the Major's highest encomium, and I have no doubt he will get an extra "pat on the shoulder" for his tremendous exertions.

Now, Mr. Editor, in conclusion, I would say to your readers, that there is no danger but that Dick will come in for a majority of the votes in this precinct.

Yours, &c.,
ECHO.

DEATH OF CROMWELL.—Cromwell died in the plenitude of his power and greatness. He had succeeded beyond all expectation, far more than any of those men had succeeded, who, by their genius, have raised themselves, as he had done, to supreme authority; for he had attempted and accomplished, with equal success, the most opposite designs.—During eighteen years he had been an ever victorious actor on the world's stage; he had alternately sown disorder and established order, effected and punished revolution, overthrown and restored Government in his country. At every moment, under all circumstances, he distinguished, with admirable sagacity, the dominant interests and passions of the time, so as to make them instruments of his own rule—careless whether he belied his antecedents so long as he triumphed in concert with the popular instinct, and explained the inconsistencies of his conduct by the ascendant unity of his power. He is, perhaps the only example which history affords of one man having governed the most opposite events, and proved sufficient for most various destinies. And in the course of his violent and changeful career incessantly exposed to all kind of enemies and conspiracies, Cromwell experienced this crowning favor of fortune, that his life was never actually attacked; the sovereign against whom killing had been declared to be no murder, never found himself face to face with an assassin.

The world had never known another example of success at once so constant and so various, or of fortune so invariably favorably, in the midst of such manifold conflicts and perils. Yet Cromwell's deathbed was clouded with gloom. He was not only unwilling to die, but also, and of most all, to die without having obtained his real and final object. However great his egotism may have been, his soul was too great to rest satisfied with the highest fortune, if it were merely personal, and, like himself, of ephemeral earthly duration. Weary of the ruin he had caused, it was his cherished wish to restore to his country a regular and stable government—the only government which was suited to its wants—a monarchy under the control of Parliament. And at the same time, with an ambition which extended beyond the grave under the influence of that thirst for permanence [illegible] he aspired to leave his name stamp of true greatness, he aspired to leave his name and race in possession of the throne. He failed in both designs [illegible] his genius nor his preserving will could surmount; and though covered, as far as himself was concerned, with power and glory, he died with his dearest hopes frustrated, and leaving behind him, as his successors, the two enemies whom he had so ardently combated—anarchy and the Stuarts. God does not grant to those great men who have laid the foundation of their greatness amidst disorder and revolution, the power of regulating at their pleasure, and for succeeding ages, the government of nations.

CURIOUS CEMETERY.—Bishop Kip thus describes a cemetery of the Capuchins of Rome:—

"I found a monk loitering in one of the side chapels, as if waiting to be the CICERONE to any visitors, and having made known my wish, he conducted me through the cloisters and down a flight of steps into the burial place. Here are several low chapels in which the monks are interred, the ground being composed of earth brought from Jerusalem. The largest will contain about thirty graves, and the others a somewhat smaller number. Against the walls on all sides skulls are placed to the depth of nearly three feet and arranged in such a way as to form niches, as if for statues. The other bones of the skeleton around and even above on the ceiling, as if some mockery had been sporting with those sad trophies of death. Legs, arms, ribs, spines, and fingers are there, formed into stars and diamonds, wreaths and festoons, altars and chandeliers. Every form indeed which caprice could dictate in this strange charnal house.

In one of the niches stands the skeleton of a monk, arranged in his old dress. The coarse brown serge is around him, with a cowl drawn over the fleshless skull—sandals are tied on his feet—the chord is about the waist—the bones of the hands are clasped, holding a black cross, and dangling from them, also a card inscribed with the name and date of his death. Sometimes instead of upright niches, they are horizontal shaped, and the skeletons are reclining, as if at rest in their beds. They are first buried in the consecrated earth below, the number of graves in which is kept always filled.—When, therefore, a monk dies, he is interred in the oldest grave, and the skeleton which he displaces, is arranged in the monkish dress and fixed in one of the niches. There he remains for years, until it is time for him to give place to some one else, and his bones are mingled with the hundreds around him, who are forming fantastic shapes on the ceiling."

ORIGIN OF THE EXPRESSION, A NINE DAYS WONDER.—It is said to have been derived from the memorable reign of Lady Jane Grey. She was proclaimed Queen of England July 10th, 1553, four days after the decease of King Edward VI. and seems to have relinquished that title and state on the 19th following—a period of nine days; but she is believed, although reluctantly, to have assumed the royal dignity immediately after King Edwards demise. This presumption creates the supposition that her reign was really extended thirteen days. The earliest public documents hitherto discovered are, however, dated July 9th, and the latest July 18, 1553. The writer of the article on "Lady Jane Grey," in the Biographia Brittanica, concludes.—"Thus we are come to an end of the diary of that short reign, that, from its continuance, is said to have given birth to the common proverb "a nine days' wonder."

KANSAS EMIGRATION.—We had a conversation yesterday with an agent of a large body of men who are shortly to take their departure from this city for the territory of Kansas. They number some four hundred and fifty souls, and are principally from counties in Pennsylvania, west of the Alleghenies, although there are not a few from Lycoming county, in our state, and also await a sufficient stage of water in the river to take their departure. Three hundred and fifty of them, the agent says, will be in Pittsburgh within twenty-four hours after the first freshet of any magnitude.—[Pittsburgh Post, 14th.

RUMORED ILLNESS OF GOV. BIGLER.—The Pittsburgh Post, of Friday last, has the following:

A gentleman, who left Philadelphia on Wednesday evening, states that a telegraphic despatch was received there just before he left, stating that Gov. Bigler was dangerously ill, with scarce any hopes of his recovery. We give the statement without vouching for its truth.

THE MYSTERIOUS EXPEDITION.—It is reported that the Catherine Augusta, a bark of about four hundred tons, sailed on Friday last from this port on a secret expedition. She has a large number of George Law's muskets on board, a fair supply of ammunition, and is said to be manned by as daring a crew as ever left these waters—men fit for any bold or hazardous enterprise. The propeller Benjamin Franklin, which is understood to be in some way connected with the affair is still in port, but will sail in a few days. Where is the Grapeshot?—[N. Y. Herald

For the Daily Enterprise.

DEATH.

BY A.

A mighty sceptered monarch sways
The realm of mortal breath,
For every human soul obeys
The invisible stern of death.

Death never smiles [illegible]
Nor waits the long [illegible]
He o'me hi [illegible]
This harvest ground to [illegible]

He hangs a fearful gloominess
About the wizard seal
A [illegible]
Which flowing pleasantly.

But the howling tempests
Death hasteth to the fray,
And o'er the [illegible]
In ruin's dread array.

In [illegible]
The breeze which [illegible]
The [illegible]
Through the [illegible]

Death stilleth on the stormy blast
Amid the lightning's play,
And shooteth when the [illegible]
Their many victims [illegible]

Springfield, Sept. 17.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S FORE-FATHERS.—"Why do folks make such a to-do about their fore fathers?" said Mrs. Partington to the school master who was asking her genealogy. She stopped rolling out the crust for a pie as she spoke, and, with her hands still on the rolling pin, she looked over her left shoulder. "Why should folks try so hard to find out about their four fathers when it's much as many want to find out that they ever had one?" The school master explained that people were looking more to pedigree than formerly. "Looking more for fathers [illegible]" exclaimed the lady giving the pin a vigorous [illegible] roll as she spoke. "What makes the difference how folks get here so long as they are here? Why my better, now, because my great grandfather was one of the Juggernauts that left France on account of their religious notions?" He never once dreamed that the antiquated dame before him could have had a grandfather, much less that she could have descended from the Huguenots. "Are you, indeed, a scion of that illustrious stock," said he, delightedly, "whose sufferings and fidelity to their profession are monuments to their memory?" "He did suffer terribly, poor man," replied she, "towards the last of it with neuralgy in his head, and, as you say, was faithful to his profession, for a more honest tinker never sodered a tea-pot." The schoolmaster was floored by a simplicity that looked not to ancestors for glory, depending upon its own intrinsic excellence for reputation. And who would not in the days to come, rather be that estimable woman standing there in time's expanse, holding the rolling pin, than the finest Hugenot of 'em all? That pie be said the [illegible] becomes food for gods—that rolling pin a golden sceptre.—[Boston Post.

LIFE AT THE WATERING PLACES.—The feats of extravagance perpetrated at the "watering places," as they are called at the North and East, almost beggar belief. They give but little indication of "tightness in the money market" of which we hear and which we occasionally feel. But these habits of extravagance are indicative of a healthy state of morals and manners.

The Newport correspondent of the New York Times, gives an account of a simpering damsel who said to a lady friend of hers, "Oh, Miss S—, I'm in such trouble—Aunt says I must go to Newport, and I know you'll think it impossible, but it's a solemn fact that I haven't got but *thirty* (30) silk dresses to my back—and how am I to look decent?" and the damsel threw herself back and wept.

Another lady, called by the friend of the correspondent "an intended woman," takes the field at Newport this summer, with sixty silks, all wearable, which in fashionable parlance, means a good deal. A Mrs. S—— went home last summer to her "furnisher" for a new dress which she was actually "suffering for," the necessity being this: another Al——had come out with the thirtieth, and she had been unable to display but nine and twenty. The new dress came, and the costume racers were once more neck and neck. How they came out at the end of the season we cant say, but we will go "our pile" upon the woman that sent for number thirty. Should this happy state of things continue, we shall look for a cool "ten thousand" in dry goods with each lady visitor. No wonder that even rich young men "cannot afford" to marry. It's no joke to make a wife look decent now-a-days.

CATHARINE HAYES AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—Who, in his wildest dream of progression, would have dared to predict, twenty years ago, the name of an artist [illegible] equally appreciating assemblages of the more modern republics of America? And yet, impossible as it might have appeared the citizens of Honolulu have enjoyed this privilege during the past week. Our eyes have seen the name of Catharine Hayes, and our ears have heard her charming voice.

Miss Hayes arrived here on the 22d inst., in the bark Fanny Major en route for Australia, and on Tuesday evening gave a concert, assisted by M. Choulon, to a full house, where a delighted audience testified their admiration by such applause as proceed only from satisfaction.

In specifying the pieces which gave us the most pleasure, and which seemed almost to be the favorite with the whole audience, we mention the "Variations for the Voice," by Allary which was executed with a power and effect which could hardly be excelled, and devolved the ability of Miss Hayes as few other pieces could have done. This was the closing piece, and elicited applause so tremendous that she yielded to the wish of the audience and sang it again, with an effect equal if not superior to its first presentation.

As a whole, the concert gave entire satisfaction, and the only wish we have heard expressed on the subject is, that she might have given another. But the sailing of the "Fanny Major" on Thursday prevented another appearance, and the opportunity to hear Kate Hayes will never again occur at the Hawaiian Islands.—[Polynesian, July 29.

ARKANSAS GIRLS.—The Memphis Express tells the following story of a friend of the editor's who went over into Arkansas recently, to attend a "breakdown," that is, a dance:

The ladies upon the occasion were arrayed in their best, with all the gay colors that an uncultivated taste could suggest. The gentlemen were dressed in homespun clothes, and none but our friend had broadcloth upon his back. During the evening, sweet potatoes of an enormous size, roasted in the ashes, were handed round to the company, together with a handful of salt for each guest. A beautiful young lady soon became smitten with our friend, (perhaps with his magnificent moustache,) and resolved to dance with him. She thereupon turned to a friend and addressed her in these words:

"Sal, hold my tater while I trot round with this nice hoss what's got on store clothes."

Our friend was clinched accordingly; he could not extricate himself from the grip of the rustic beauty, and was obliged to "trot round" after her for one mortal hour, before he could obtain a respite from his labors. He made his escape the first opportunity, resolving that he would never again go to an Arkansas "breakdown."

CORKING THE JUG.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia Sun, writing from Cohasset, Mass., relates a good anecdote of a physician residing in that place, which he says is a fact, and the best temperance lecture he ever heard. Some thirty years ago, this doctor was addicted to hard drinking and neglected his professional duties to such an extent, that the people were obliged to send to Boston for a new physician, a younger man who was colonized among them. At last this brace of pestles met in a store, the old doctor purchased a jug of rum and the young one bought a barrel of flour. Some insulting remark of a bystander called forth a sneer from the young doctor. This was noticed and interpreted by the old one, who with a calm and deliberate air put the cork into the jug of rum, and turning to his aspiring rival, he said, "I have put the cork into the jug, and I will never take it out again until I have starved you out of the town of Cohasset." He kept his word, and in about a year from that time he had regained his old patients and friends, and obliged the new doctor to evacuate for fear of starving.

☞ The Cattaraugus (N. Y.) Whig is responsible for the following:

Grasshoppers are very thick and are proving very destructive in Chautauque—at least we judge they are from the following story told us by a farmer of that country whom we saw a few days since at Dunkirk. Said he:

"This spring, as an experiment, I devoted about an acre of land to the growth of tobacco. The crop did finely, and in a short space of time the plants had attained the height of five inches. Business called me to Buffalo, and I was gone but two days; but in that brief period every vestige of my tobacco crop had been destroyed by grasshoppers, and sir, incredulous as it may seem, one large, hungry-looking specimen of the marauders, which I saw upon a stump as I entered the field, actually had the audacity to *ask me for the chew I had in my mouth!*"

AN ANSWER REQUESTED.—The question has been asked why it is considered impolite for gentlemen to go into the presence of ladies in their [illegible], whilst it is considered every way correct for the ladies themselves to appear before gentlemen without any sleeves at all.

THURSDAY, . . . SEPTEMBER 7

We notice that the Shelby Bugler, published at Shelbyville and devoted to the cause of the Douglas Democracy, places among other tasteful ornaments at its head our motto—"If it be true that the citizen is free, he has a right to think for himself. If he think correctly, he will speak nought against the public good." We admire the taste and liberality of our Shelbyville neighbor, and wish him much success, so long as he keeps a thought of ours exposed to public view, and does not forget to labor strictly in accordance with it.

The history of our motto, we verily believe is not without interest. It cost us a full day's worth of thinking, though it may appear too plain and simple to require much labor or time in its production. A long time ago a person remarked to a celebrated poet that it must be very easy for him to compose rapidly. The poet replied that he had often been three days composing two lines of his poetry. It is the opinion of many that it is the easiest of all things to think and write, but somehow those persons never make it a successful business.

As we were going on to say, that little motto of ours cost us a day's labor. We recollect the time well, it was on a sunny Sunday, a good day for thinking, if it is labor. The church bells were ringing and thousands of the well dressed were congregating to the temples of worship to see and be seen, and probably to hear and understand. We plodded to the green suburbs of the city, passed through the cemeteries white with the monuments of the dead, decaying but unforgotten. "All flesh is grass" was written upon every surrounding thing. We departed and soon stood in the delightful shade of old oaks beneath whose lofty boughs [illegible] the young trees were beginning another summer's growth. We kept on, taking no note of time, we returned "too late for dinner." At length the sun went down and it is a positive fact that we had been all day in thinking up a motto under which to labor in the expression of opinion. We accomplished the intricate feat and unto this day, have been guided by this sentiment, and this alone—and will continue to be so guided—If the citizen is free he has a right to think for himself. If he think correctly he will speak nought against the public good.

POLITICAL MEETING AT THE COURT HOUSE.

On Tuesday morning it was announced by hand bills that ex Major Harris would speak at the court house in the evening of that day. The announcement created no excitement, and when the meeting commenced the court room was scarcely full, and it was not until late in the evening that any interest in the proceedings seemed manifest by either the audience or speaker.

Mr. Harris arose and deliberately informed those present that he had invited Mr. Yates to meet him in the discussion that night, but his opponent had not appeared nor could he by any possible means induce Mr. Yates to meet him at any point in the district. We never heard a falsehood so cooly told. Every word was uttered slowly and distinctly—some people hesitate and stammer when they wilfully lie, but ex Major Harris is infinitely more regular in his speech, more smooth in constructing sentences and more choice in selecting words when he is making a misrepresentation than when he is telling the truth. A habit excessively practised forms a prominent characteristic by which the man may be judged. That the ex Major is unused to unalloyed truth is palpably evident. By declaring wherever he goes, that Mr. Yates is afraid to meet him he robs himself of honor and the respect which the friends of Mr. Yates would entertain for him aside from political differences. Instead of Mr. Yates being afraid to meet Harris the latter pursues a course, puerile in the extreme, like this: Where Mr. Yates has an appointment to fill, for instance at Taylorville, Harris sends a hand bill to Petersburgh in which he states that on a certain date—the same [illegible] Taylorville in good faith, and Harris to Petersburg to consummate a mean trick; he appears before those he has called together, and apparently looking around for his opponent, exclaims. "Gentlemen I am here according to appointment, but I dont see Mr. Yates who was to open the debate." He then proceeds to abuse Mr. Yates in terms reflecting no credit upon himself. This is the way that Yates is afraid to meet Harris, and we doubt whether the ex Major will profit by it. The ridiculous assertion always heard during every political canvass that candidates are afraid to meet each other, amounts to nothing in determining the result of an election. We do not believe that Yates is afraid of Harris, or Harris afraid Yates, and it is silly for either party to dispute in the least upon a plea so flimsy and uncharitable. What matters it whether the candidates hesitate meeting, or whether they chase each other around the district displaying bravery enough for a troop of Camanches? And suppose they make no speeches, what of that. And what if they make five hundred apiece. In either case the result will in our mind, be the same.

One is known by his long and untarnished public services, he is politically and personally popular. The other is known by the violent support he has always given to ultra democracy and mamism, he is only an echo of every thing said by Douglas.

After tendering his regret for the non-appearance of Mr. Yates, the ex Major invited any one present to discuss with him the questions at issue. Judge Stephen T. Logan promptly accepted the bantering invitation, and Mr. Harris insisted that if Mr. Logan did speak he must be permitted a rejoinder. The ex Major then proceeded to give a spiritless history of the slavery question, taking frequent occasion to laud Henry Clay, whom he so bitterly denounced a few years since. Passing dryly on, stopping at every stake driven into democracy by Douglas in establishing his Nebraska measure, the speaker finally came to the point at which all speeches should break into the sublime, the startling, the tremendous, the transcendently eloquent. That time is when the peroration, or grand closing, is accomplished. As the ex Major approached the interesting period he evidently began to feel good, his terrible [illegible] with a timidity scarcely surpassed by the tallow candle that lighted up his countenance. His voice changed, sharpened by his inexpressible love of foreigners, it rung melodiously along the walls of our dirty temple of justice. His hands gracefully worked to and fro through the hot hum of breath that filled the room, as he exclaims, "O, ye Know Nothings, you are scoundrels and the [illegible] of second class, you are liars, and thieves and vagabonds; [great applause] you are a hideous, villainous, rascally secret organization, meeting at midnight for the purpose of oppressing, killing, murdering and destroying our poor, honest, noble, downtrodden fellow foreign American citizens, [here one of the "oppressed" with a red head "wept like a child."] I tell you all to beware of the monster, this [illegible] the den of Satanites—[illegible], [outrageous applause] yes, they are infidels, base infamous infamous infidels, and no honest man will connect himself with them. [violent attempts to stamp the door down.] I am an American, but I love my brave, courageous and bold foreign brethren, who come to our shores for protection, to become good and true democrats. [considerable sensation] They are the skin, bone, sinew and muscle of the country, and nobody but a black hearted traitor ["true faith," shouted an Irishman] will ever attempt to—to—to deprive them of their dearest rights. I depend upon them and other honest men, for my election, stand by me and we will put down the midnight assassins, the church burners, the intolerable and intolerant bloody thirsty crew." He ceased, and sat right down in the midst of rapturous applause. Poor fellow, his heart was his own sacrifice. He little dreamed that he stood in the midst of one hundred and fifty of the "infamous order"—the very ones who applauded the loudest! When we saw him so shamefully insult his own respectable and intelligent countrymen, so directly declaiming against himself, we could not think him shrewd in everything but that which really most concerns him as a candidate. Will true American voters support such a man? We maintain that they *Cannot*, and they know it to be so, under any circumstance. It is not an American trait of character to be abused or driven into any measure. If Thomas L. Harris loves the foreign voters let him dip in the sop with them until he is filled with the good they can do him. And let us cast aside all old party preferences, kick over measures and labor, in this contest, for and against men. Unite and push the anti-American candidate for congress back to a position where he will not disgrace a great and prosperous district peopled by honest lovers of their country. If Americans are to be denounced let the contract be given to foreigners. Reward none others for such unprincipled work.

At the conclusion of Harris' speech Judge Logan arose and ably argued the questions growing out of the national compromises, and the adoption of the Nebraska-Kansas Bill. He was listened to with respectful attention, and sustained well his fine reputation as a most lucid and shrewd debater. When he had concluded, Harris began his rejoinder full of wrath, denunciation and denial, but did not proceed far until the audience began to retire and the last of his words that we could hear, above the noise created by the crowd, were—"hold on and hear me out."

THE POWER OF A NEW IDEA—"DEMOCRACY."—There is something grand in the light of a new idea struggling for existence. It's pure, it's sublime; it's energy godlike, it's triumphs over human. The power of a new idea rolls before it the mists of opinion grown into and around us, and we give up cherished notions, deep seated opinions and practical philosophies with a hearty good will. A new light has flashed upon us—a new truth is given to us, which brightens up the path of our development, and we look back, upon the by-gones with a peculiar and pleasant melancholy. All behind looks as but the ruins of old homes in which we were born. The sight truly is melancholy, and we could set down and gaze, and gaze, and gaze, but the new idea—the new power—the hot thought burns upon and in us, and it drives madly on this fleshy structure of ours. The rush is so fast that the old roads, and posts, and villages look green and sickly as they roll behind us. The power of a new idea—who can measure—who can weigh—who can fathom—or who can conceal? It is imponderable, yet powerful; it is explosive, it is terrific. Jupiter where are you? Driven from the Parthenon and you, Odin, where? Driven from the halls of Valhalla. Where are you, Intolerance? Driven into the Imperial city, there to persecute yourself, and you, oh federalism, where? Driven from the congress of this new world. The power of a new idea who can measure—who weigh—who fathom. None can. It is hot—intensely energetic—expansive and will explode and fall upon the hearts of other men, and the world goes mad—jubilant—rhapsodic, over the new idea. Behold Luther tearing loose from his mother church and bidding defiance to her wrath and her power—her racks and her fire. The idea burns him. It then goes upon Melancthon and Knox, and blazes upon the world; and it is stunned with the white light of heat. The idea of individual opinion only. See John Adams and Patrick Henry standing up in the halls of congress, prattling about the new idea, till it matures and it rushes out—"sink or swim live or die, I give my heart and hand to it"—"give me liberty or give me death"—"all men are born free and equal." Only a new idea, friends—only the inalienable right of private opinion and freedom of utterance to the good thoughts that God gives us.—Behold France, seized with these words, Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, and look at the heads of Madame Rolland, and the king and queen upon the pikes of Ansenllottism, and all France swimming in blood. Only the idea of liberty, equality and fraternity. France is the last act of the great tragedy of an idea struggling for existence and battling for its rights of inalienable utterance. Stand up, [illegible] do you oppose it—he shivers—refuses to sp[illegible] out—honest to his own soul he would not lie. Not so with all. Hypocrits there are—monstrous liars. Once, democracy was a new idea, and it burned within the bosoms of men, and lit up the altar peaks of worship in all souls. It was grand—its was sublime, when it was fighting and struggling with monarchy, and worthy when it was triumphant over federalism. A worthy young spirit—with its wild eye and swift hand, when it planted this continent with freemen—with puritans. Noble when it formed the constitution but now, when it seeks by its power and its prestige to stop and hinder all manly and religious development—all progress and order, to destroy and to plant this whole earth with slavery and ruin and concubinage, how hateful—how detestible it is—how marvellously and wonderfully changed—To see democracy chaining to the soil of freedom, for ages that which is an omnipotent curse, how loathsome. The same force and will and power that puts it there will put your children there when necessity arises—when the base passions of more than cruel men demand it—when labor refuses to recognise its dependence upon capital—when base men want to satisfy their passions upon virtue and their lust upon innocence. You and I, and our children, and their children's children, must be the objects of their force—and will and passions. This in the language of John C. Calohun, is the logical state of the races,—a natural condition of humanity and necessary to the *aristocracy of Democracy.*—The idea is horrid, but in it, thank God, there is power which will hurl to atoms the forces of slavery, and pedantry and demagogueism.

Democracy has worked out its young fire-soul—that internal and special force is corrupted out, and it now wanders snivelling in slavery a hated thing. It is, however, not dead and force to force must be used to overturn its decaying principles and elements.

"Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage."

All earthly things have their forces and their destiny and do not last upon the eternities that lie upon both worlds, or rather the three, the past, the present and the future. It is a national law that when the forces work out their destinies they perish—perish gloriously or ingloriously. Thus with the Democracy. Posterity will pronounce the verdict "Guilty," or "Not guilty."

Yet friends, one and all—Americans—freemen—lovers of your country—Christians—all—all, a battle is before us of no mean ultimatile, and to it we are called in opposition for victory or defeat. Justice—right, the invisible one are with us, and God preserve the right and the just. These he has never forsaken and he never will. Then for the charge with the motto,

"God and the right."

TRUE BUT NOT WONDERFUL.—Since the first issue of the Enterprise our city neighbors have refused to notice us, yet the Register has published four articles written by the editor of this paper, and the Journal has published three. They are found among the uncredited selections of exchanges in all parts of the Union. We would make no display of egotism, but we desire to state that we daily find our compositions—some of which were written three years ago—occupying conspicuous places in the best Journals of the country. Our cotemporaries in the city, to prevent being largely contaminated by us in future as in the past, should make their papers entirely original.

☞ A disgraceful fight took place in New York on the 14th, between Jonny Ling and Tom Hyer, in the course of which a man named Lozier was shot in the arm. Ling, who is a great friend of Morrissey, got that redoubtable individual salved up in the scrape, and, notwithstanding his recent marriage, he was further bound over in bonds of $2,000 to keep the peace.

☞ Harman Blennerhassett, the second son of Harman Blennerhassett, of the island in the Ohio river, which bears that name, died in New York on the 17th ult., after a protracted illness. He was an artist of very considerable eminence. The only surviving member of the family, Jos. L. Blennerhassett, now lives in Troy, Missouri.

GRAND NATIONAL CONVENTION OF BABIES.—We received by mail yesterday, in a poster of magnificent proportions, the following important proclamation, which we especially commend to the serious attention of all the old grannies male and female, of the women's rights associations of the day, and of all suckling politicians and all fogies.—Read! read!

GRAND NATIONAL CONVENTION
OF
BABIES.

The babies of the United States are invited to convene at the Fair Grounds of the Clark County Agricultural Society, on Thursday, October, 5, 1854, at which time and place their parents and admirers are earnestly solicited to attend.

Every possible provision for their comfort will be made. A splendid pavilion, sufficiently commodious to contain ten thousand persons has been engaged, and will be erected for the use of the convention.

The subscribers hope to see the largest assemblage of children that has ever been known on the continent. They invite the assistance and co-operation of all their fellow citizens.

On this occasion, there will be distributed by a committee of disinterested ladies and gentlemen,

THREE MAGNIFICENT PRIZES!
OF THE VALUE OF
FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

For the purchase of which, one of the executive committee has visited the manufacturers in New York.

PRIZES:

1st. A grand sweep stake premium of a splendid set of silver plate, consisting of a complete tea set of six pieces, to be given to the finest child not over two years of age.

2d. A similar prize of equal value to the finest child over one and not over two years of age.

3d. A similar prize of equal value to the finest child not exceeding one year of age.

For these prizes all who choose may compete, the only limitation being that the child en shall have been born within the United States.

The committee of arrangements pledge themselves that all will be done that money, exertion, and attention can do to make the convention all that [illegible] The strictest order and the most rigid observance of propriety of behavior will be enforced. For this purpose a special police force of one hundred men has been enstalled, and any person in the slightest degree guilty of impropriety of language or behavior, will be immediately put under arrest. The committee have determined and will enforce, that determination that the convention shall be so conducted that no lady need be under the slightest apprehension in regard to the propriety of going there with her children.

None need prevent their children for competition except those who choose to do so, but we trust that all will bring them; we can thus make a most beautiful and interesting exhibition of budding flowers, and such as no horticultural show can rival. We will do our part do you do yours.

H. Vinal,	G. H. Frey,
I. Pabst,	C. B. Cassilly,
J. Klinefelter,	B. H. Warder,
R. Mason,	

Local Ex. Committee.

Springfield, Ohio Sept. 6, 1854

This is but another proof, a somewhat startling one we confess, of the progressive spirit of the age, and of the manifest destiny of Young America.—Who will venture to deny that we are a great people when even the very infants in the cradle participate in the general movement.—[New York Herald

THE SCHOOL HOUSE.

Hard by the broad and dusty street,
Where maples [illegible]
And frequent tread of [illegible]
[illegible]
The school house standeth [illegible]
And [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

The rill that bubbles sparkling by,
[illegible]

And [illegible]

[illegible]
'Midst kindling [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
Their triumphs and their honor there.

Now, at the golden wane of day,
[illegible]
The little [illegible] for play,
[illegible]
While down [illegible]

Dearer than all earth's [illegible]
[illegible]
The time-brown sides and crumbling walls
[illegible]
Of that far past when I [illegible]
Seasons were days and dreams were true.

Not in high [illegible] courts of state,
[illegible]
But where [illegible]
Truth's [illegible]
[illegible]
Where the young [illegible]

BLOODY TRAGEDY—POLICEMAN KILLED.

One of our best policemen, named Casper Lower was killed yesterday in attempting to arrest a man by the name of Patrick Cunningham. It seems that Cunningham had been drinking for several days, abusing his father and mother [illegible] making himself exceedingly troublesome [illegible] her of Cunningham went to the house of [illegible] at dinner time, and requested him to [illegible] Lower promised to do it, immediately [illegible]. As soon as this was over, Lower found Cunningham in a grocery on Euna Place, near Jackson street. Cunningham was arrested and proceeded with the officer a few rods peaceably, when he became refractory, and commenced resisting any attempt of Lower to urge him along.

Cunningham drew a large bowie knife and attempted to stab Lower. Lower then drew a pistol and told C. he had a notion to shoot him. Cunningham said, shoot me and that will be the end of me. Lower said he would not and put his pistol in his pocket, thinking, no doubt that he could get him along without injuring him. Cunningham then stabbed Lower in the left side, very near the heart. Lower immediately knocked the villain down with his cane, and our informant said he struck him two or three times. At any rate he was so stunned that he remained in the road till arrested by some other members of the police. Lower got into a waggon that was passing and asked to be driven to the watch house; but he died in a very few minutes.

He was taken to the watch house, where Coroner Hines held an inquest and all the above facts were fully established by the testimony. The verdict, in substance, was that Lower came to his death by being stabbed to the heart with a bowie knife by Patrick Cunningham. Cunningham is in jail.—[Chicago Democratic Press 19th.

KANSAS.—The Christian Advocate recommend that ten or twenty Methodist missionaries should be sent to Kansas territory this fall or early next spring, at the farthest. It says: "Hundreds of thousands of people are concentrating in that territory, many of them are members of the Methodist church, and every interest, both of themselves and the church, requires that prompt and efficient measures be taken to meet the demands thus made on the ministry."

At a Kansas meeting held in Springfield, Mass., on Monday evening, addresses were made by Eli Thayer of Worcester, Moses Kimball of Boston, and Rev. Dr. Osgood, after which a committee was appointed to form a society to act in conjunction with the society in Boston.

NAVIGATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.—His Excellency the Governor General, in virtue of the power vested in him by the constitution, and seeing that the season for navigating the St. Lawrence will be far advanced before the Reciprocity Treaty can be fully discussed has been pleased to issue instructions for the free navigation of the river pending the action of the Imperial and Provincial Legislatures.

No. 14. I. G. O. CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, QUEBEC, August 21, 1854.

SIR—I have the honor, by command, to inform you that His Excellency the Governor General, in Council has been pleased to direct—that pending the action of the Imperial and Provincial Legislatures on the subject—the Free Navigation of the River St. Lawrence be extended to vessels of the United States, during Her Majesty's pleasure.

I have the honor, to be, sir, your most obedient servant, R. S. M. BOUCHETTE.

The Collector of Customs, Quebec.
—*Montreal Transcript.*

☞ The married men of the New York cricket club have beaten the single members. A poor, miserable old bachelor says he is not at all surprised at it; "they probably got their hands in, beating their wives."

MAJ. HARRIS AT HILLSBORO.—We are informed that Maj. Harris, who is running in opposition to Dick Yates, in the Sixth District, made a speech at Hillsboro a few days ago, which put quite a damper upon his Congressional prospects in that vicinity.

Of course, as usual, he was vindicating the principles of the Nebraska bill, going it loud in favor of "popular sovereignty," and enunciating the great Douglas doctrine of the "right of the people to make their own domestic institutions, without any interference on the part of Congress."

At this juncture he was asked if he did not make some exceptions to the principle he was discussing? No said he, the principle is general, and is applicable alike to all Territories.

A bystander—"Would you be in favor of admitting Utah into the Union as a State should her Constitution recognize and permit polygamy?"

"Yes," said Major Harris, "I am for every State and Territory governing itself in its own way."

At this strange declaration, we are informed, his most zealous friends grew lukewarm, and many who thought to vote for him, from that day walked with him no longer. Dick Yates' prospects have risen fifty per cent, at least, since Maj. Harris explained there his doctrine of "popular sovereignty."

[Alton Telegraph.

☞ The "Turnverein" is the name of a society in Albany, New York, composed of Germans, having for its object the developement of the muscles and proficiency in gymnastic exercises, by methods similar to that taught by Ottingen and others. The editor of the Albany Express was present at a meeting a few evenings since, and was most profoundly struck at the calling of the roll with the number of "Smiths" belonging to the institution. We annex what his memory served us with.

Big Smit,	Smit mit de brick yard,
Little Smit,	Smit mit de junk shop,
Smit from de hill,	Smit mit de bologne,
Smit from de holler,	Smit mit one eye,
Smit mit de store,	Smit mit two eyes,
Smit mit de blacksmith shop,	Smit de bone picker,
Smit mit de lager beer shop,	Smit mit two "frows,"
Smit mitout any "frow,"	Smit mit no [illegible] ear,
Smit wot want's a "frow,"	Smit mit [illegible] stumps,
Smit mit one leg,	Smit mit peach pits,
Smit mit two legs,	Smit mit de whiskers,
Smit mit de pigs,	Smit mit red hair,
Smit mit de big head,	Smit mit no hair,
Smit mit de big feet,	SMIT!

NOVEL KIND OF AN INCENDIARY.—The Montreal Gazette of a recent date states that some fiend in human shape, after smearing the long hair of a dog with tar and turpentine, set it on fire and drove the unfortunate animal into the office of that newspaper, with the intention, probably, of setting fire to the quantities of loose paper against which the dog would rub himself in his efforts to extinguish the flames thus burning the place. The flames were fortunately extinguished, but the perpetrator of the wicked deed has not been discovered.

New Books Just Received.

LAMPLIGHTER.
S[illegible], by Doda,
[illegible]
Russia as it is, by Gurowski;
Daniel Webster's [illegible] and great orations;
Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington,
[illegible] of the Black Sea,
Temperance [illegible]
JOHNSON & BRADFORD.

CITIZENS HEAR!

C. W. MATHENY & CO. are now daily receiving from the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New Orleans, their unusually large and well selected stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queens and Glassware, salt, nails, &c., &c., which on and after the first day of September, [illegible] they will offer to the citizens of Sangamon and the surrounding counties, for cash, country produce, and [illegible] at the lowest rates.

This stock consists of all articles kept by the general retail trade, to an examination of which they respectfully invite the public. sep 9 dtf

FOR RENT—The front rooms on the 2nd floor of Ayers & Hatfield's Store, possession given immediately. Enquire of [Sep. 7.] AYERS & WARDALL.

PRINTED and Plain colors in Tabby Velvets. Sept HAWLEY & LOOSE.

PIANO FOR SALE.

A FINE toned grand piano for sale on reasonable terms.—Enquire of S. Lathrop, at the shop of the American Car Company. sep 9 dtf

Illinois State University.

THE next session of this Institution will commence, in the NEW UNIVERSITY BUILDING, on Wednesday, the 20th of [illegible] 1854.

The New University Edifice is delightfully situated on a [illegible] about one half mile north-east of the Capitol, and affords a fine view of the city of Springfield and surrounding country. The location is healthy and easy of approach by good side walks from the public square and all parts of the city. For terms and other particulars, [illegible]

REV. FRANCIS SPRINGER, President.
Springfield, Sept 2, 1854.

To the Ladies.

MRS. O'BRIEN respectfully informs the ladies of Springfield [illegible] in Millinery [illegible] with the latest fashions, and having procured the best [illegible] is fully competent [illegible] satisfaction to all who may favor her with their patronage.

[illegible] north 5th st., two doors north of J. C. Planck's store. sep 7 dtf

Houses for Rent.

The subscriber has several very pleasant and comfortable houses for rent. If application is made immediately. [Sep 9 dtf] H. H. BROWN.

Popular Works.

FOR distribution by agents. We have added largely to our list of popular books, designed for the reading million—many of which are entirely new, and to which we would call the attention of book agents.
BIRCHALL & OWEN, Springfield.

LADIES and children's shoes. A general assortment of the fall styles and of best workmanship.
HAWLEY & LOOSE.

BOOTS & SHOES—A very large stock of Ladies, Misses, Men's, Boys and Children's Boots & Shoes, just rec'd and for sale by Sept. 11. YATES, SMITH & CO.

HATS & CAPS—A full supply of Mens' and Boys' Caps & Wool Hats, just rec'd and for sale cheap by Sept. 11. YATES, SMITH & CO.

BONNETS—A large assortment of Silk, Lawn and other Bonnets, just rec'd and for sale very low, by Sept. 11. YATES, SMITH & CO.

JACONETS & SWISS MUSLINS—A large stock of plain, striped and [illegible], also plain and dotted Swiss Muslin, just rec'd and for sale by Sept. 11. YATES, SMITH & CO.

SATTINETTS, CASSIMERES, &c.—We have the largest assortment of Sattinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels, &c., that we have ever offered to the public. Sept. 11. YATES, SMITH & CO.

PLAIN AND FANCY SILKS—A large and very cheap assortment, just rec'd and for sale by Sept. 11 YATES, SMITH & CO.

DRESS TRIMMINGS—Fringes, Gimps, Galoons, Braids, Cotton [illegible], a large supply and great variety just rec'd and for sale by Sept. 11. YATES, SMITH & CO.

Express Goods.

OUR silks and fancy goods have just arrived by express.—Others [illegible] fresh from the manufacturers, will be here in a few days, in large quantities and cheap.
☞ Remember the northwest corner of the square.
August 26th, dtf J. S. CONDELL & CO.

ALEXANDER FAYART,
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S FANCY BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.
☞ Two Doors west of Hawley & Loose's Store. ☜
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
sep 11 dtf

GLOVES & HOSIERY—A very large stock, in part rec'd others daily expected, embracing almost every kind Ladies, Misses and Childrens, for sale by Sept. 11. YATES, SMITH & CO.

LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCE.

Union Mutual Life Insurance Company, Boston; Capital $100,000.

Hartford Life Insurance Company, of Hartford; Capital $300,000

Mohawk Valley Insurance Company, of N. Y.; Capital $200,000.

North American Mutual Insurance Co., N. Y.; Capital $130,000.

Washington Union Mutual Insurance Co., Ohio; Accumulated Capital $225,000.

The undersigned, being agent for the above companies, is prepared to take applications and issue policies at as low rates as any responsible companies in the west.
☞ Office 2d door south of the Post Office, Springfield, Ill.
August 26, 1854 dtf J. H. CURRIER.

JUBILEE number of Brother Jonathan, just received by [illegible] JOHNSON & BRADFORD.

Good News to the Afflicted.

WE have just received a supply of Dr. I. E. Geoghegan's Compound Extract of Hydropiper, or Vegetable Alterative Tonic and Purifier of the Blood, for the cure of Scrofula, White Swelling, Dyspepsia, Chronic Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sores, Ulcers, Cutaneous Diseases, Secondary Syphilis, and all other diseases arising from impure blood and bad habit of the system. This is a new article that we now offer to the public, and have been induced to introduce it here through the solicitation of many of our citizens, who sent on to Louisville, Ky., for it, and have used it in cases of the scrofula with complete success, and highly recommended it as an alterative and purifier of the blood. We therefore can recommend it with confidence, and think it worthy of a trial by those who are afflicted.

Price $1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5; also for sale wholesale to the trade at $8 per dozen. For sale by
CORNEAU & DILLER,
Aug 22 dawtf East side of the Public Square.

Bibles.

QUARTO, Cottage, Octavo, 12mo, 18mo and 24mo bibles, in all the various styles of binding, and of every size, from the small beautifully bound velvet pocket bible to the large family and pulpit bible, which we offer cheap at
No. 10, south side of public square.
aug25 BIRCHALL & OWEN.

TWO HOUSES AND LOTS FOR SALE.

ONE situated near the square, with six good rooms and newly built. Terms easy. Inquire of Dr. Lloyd or Phil [illegible] aug 23 dtf

NOTICE.

THIS is to certify that Mr. T. H. BUCKLEY from this date, is in no connection with me as a Daguerrean Operator, or in any other way. (July 15 n17-1t) H. BRISTOL.

FRIDAY : : SEPTEMBER 22.

HARRIS AND THE MORMONS.—Wonder if the civilized and christian people of this county are prepared to vote for a man for a seat in Congress who is in favor of admitting Utah into the Union with her Polygamy and Incest? Maj. Harris is in favor of *this very thing*—it being consistent with the principles of popular sovereignty.

The Valley Register, published at Winchester, addresses the preceding remarks to the virtuous voters of Scott county: They will answer satisfactorily on election day. Will the same kind of voters in Sangamon, Menard, Christian and Morgan counties vote for such a man? Will the citizens of these counties who enjoy the blessings bestowed upon those surrounded by one wife and her children, vote for a man who would corrupt the government and society by the introduction of Polygamy, or the cohabiting of one man with as many women as he chooses to take unto him? Will those who respect the honorable and holy ties of our matrimonial customs, lend their support in the elevation of a man to congress who unhesitatingly, and publicly, says that if elected, and Mormon Utah should petition to be admitted into the Union during his term of office, he would vote for its unrestricted admission? Think this well over, ask yourselves what the inborn and acquired nature of such public officer, the representative of a moral, enlightened and religious people, could be. Bring your conclusions with you, and give us an answer on election day.

The principle of "popular sovereignty," as advocated by Mr. Harris, denies him the privelege of saying that he is opposed to the admission of the Mormon territory of Utah in as free a manner as territories inhabited by people void of Mormon adultery, lust, and all manner of ungodliness. If the Nebraska bill establishes "popular sovereignty," it must be universal or it is no more than a quibble, a loosely conceived idea, having no tendency to practical application. Mr. Harris says he is in favor of the admission of all territory, let it be inhabited by whom it may, and no matter what institutions the inhabitants choose to cherish and bring into the Union,—and *he* is the man most worthy to represent this district in congress? Answer us on election day.

The Chicago Fugitive Slave Case Tried at Springfield.

John Buchanan, George Buchanan and William M. Grant, arrested a few days since in Chicago, charged with assault and battery with intent to kill, committed while endeavoring to recover a fugitive slave, were taken from the Cook county jail upon a writ of *habeas corpus*, brought to this city, and yesterday examined before Chief Justice Treat. The defendants appeared with their counsel; Thos. Hoyne and V. H. Higgins, esqs., and asked to have the commitment set aside. The testimony adduced did not prove the violation of any law by defendants, as they were in the lawful pursuit, as shown by the record, of a fugitive slave. The witnesses could not swear that they saw the defendants shoot the negro—saw a pistol in the hands of one of the defendants, but did not see the others engage in any attempt to injure or arrest the fugitive. The witnesses also saw a pistol in the possession of the negro, and the defendants were surrounded by a mob of negroes and whites, who rescued the fugitive.

No testimony was given to prove any intent on the part of the defendants, to commit bodily injury, though they might have done so had they desired.

The chief justice having momentarily considered the case, upon the evidence adduced, discharged the prisoners.

HORSE STEALING.—On Wednesday night, David Sherman, Esq., of this city, lost two valuable horses which were stolen, or escaped by their own management, from a lot wherein they had been placed early in the evening. As they are used to their quarters, the owner is of the opinion that they did not go away without assistance. In color the animals are dark bay. Both are sleek, gentle and sprightly. Any person who may have seen them straying away, or in some one's possession, will confer a great favor upon the owner, and be liberally rewarded for all trouble, by giving information of the fact at this office.

A PROPOSITION.—The proprietors of the Columbia Hall, which will be completed in a few weeks, propose to donate its use for a few nights, upon its first opening, to some respectable and well known company of musicians, vocal or instrumental. The Hall will be the largest in the State, and no pains will be spared in arranging it splendidly and comfortably. The proprietors desire to bring it into public notice by a series of entertainments which the most intelligent and refined may attend and appreciate. Persons abroad wishing to profit by this excellent opportunity, so generously offered, may address A. Y. Ellis & Co.

MURDER OF KANSAS EMIGRANTS.—The editor of the Democratic Platform, in his issue of the 7th inst., says:

While in Kansas last week, we learned that a party of ten emigrants visited the neighborhood of the Big Blue, for the purpose of making claims.—The party divided—half of them travelling up that stream while the other five went down. One of the parties were attacked by the Pawnee Indians, and the entire body, five in number, killed. We could not learn their names, but learn they are from Missouri.

HIGH PRICE FOR STANDING CORN.—We learn from the Sciota Gazette, that Mr. Seymour, of Bainbridge, Ross county, Ohio, sold a few days ago, a quantity of Corn in the field at thirty-five dollars per acre. It was bought by some gentleman from Kentucky. This is doubtless the highest price ever paid for Standing Corn in Southern Ohio.

KNOWLEDGE.—One of the most agreeable consequences of knowledge, is the respect and importance which it communicates to old age. Men rise in character often as they increase in years; they are venerable from what they can impart. If they outlive their faculties, the mere frame itself is respected for what it once contained; but with uneducated women, when youth is gone, all is gone.—No human creature gives his admiration for nothing, either the eye must be charmed, or the understanding gratified. A woman must talk wisely or look well. Every human being must put up with the coldest civility who has neither the charms of youth nor the wisdom of age.

☞ We owe it to our ancestors to preserve entire those rights which they have delivered to our care. We owe it to our posterity not to suffer our dearest inheritance to be destroyed; but if it were possible for us to be insensible of these sacred claims, there is yet an obligation binding upon ourselves, from which nothing can acquit us, a personal interest which we cannot surrender.

CORRECTION.—Our statement in regard to the Governor's house sinking contained error too great to pass uncorrected. We were misinformed, and now find by personal examination, that though the building has settled a little, as was expected from its size, it has sustained no injury. The defect in the walls as, stated, is but slight and really amounts to nothing.

WHO WILL MAKE A GOOD WIFE.—When you see a young woman who rises early, sets the table and prepares her father's breakfast cheerfully, depend upon it she will make a good wife. You may rely upon it that she possesses a good disposition and a kind heart.

When you see a young woman just out of bed at 9 o'clock, leaning with her elbow upon the table, gasping and sighing, "Oh, how dreadful I feel," rely upon it she will not make a good wife. She must be lazy and mopish.

When you see a girl with a broom in her hand sweeping the floor, with a rubbing board or a clothes lines in her hand, you may put it down that she is industrious and will make a very good wife for somebody.

When you see a girl with a novel in her left hand, and a fan in her right, shedding tears, you may be sure that she is unfit for a wife. Happiness and misery are before you, which will you chose?

Letter from Petersburg—The Harrisites.

MR. EDITOR:—For the edification and comfort of all whom it may concern, permit me to give you a synopsis of the sayings and doings in Petersburg, for the past few weeks. Ours is a very pretty little town containing, I suppose, some six or seven hundred inhabitants, made up of that hetrogeneous mass common to the western country, embracing from the highest to almost the lowest class. But upon the whole they make quite a respectable appearance, especially on Sunday, so much so that I think a stranger would be constrained to think the people were pretty generally religiously disposed. We have good and peaceable citizens, and some drunken fellows who belong to the old brag republican party, who advocate grog shops, sporting houses, and other republican institutions of a like nature. These pretty birds have descended so low in the scale of being, as to become the pliant tools of a set of political demagoges, to do their dirty work, while their masters receive the spoils of office. It seems that these gems of Petersburg are very anxious to be thought the friends of the "people's rights," and the Nebraska Bill. They wish to be known as the guardian's of American liberty.

Near six weeks ago, I heard that there was a Know Nothing society in town, and that it was perfectly secret in all its meetings. A few days passed without much alarm to either of the old parties, but some of the democrats found out, or suspicioned, that a number of the leading whigs had joined the "abominable order." They then commenced to rally their party for fear that some of them would join also. They denounced the new party in strong terms, charging the members with being tories, and traitors to their government, wishing to undermind the Constitution and trample it under foot, and take away the right of suffrage from the foreigners, who are now in this country; and proscribing Catholics on account of their religion, &c. It was evident that they intended to put the new society down by abuse and threats; but they found persons who have too high a sense of individual honor and duty, to be brow beat into the harness of such infernal democracy as that which wishes to reign in this excitable town.

We are a pretty jovial set generally, but some of the Harrisites have got rather currish lately, but it is not much wonder when we reflect that they are bitten so prodigeously from behind, and have no teeth to return the snap. But we have a Harris club company, about which I wish to say something, as it is the pioneer night watch of the town. They are very vigilent, and they were particularly so about the time it was thought the new party was being organized. They would be on the Square soon after dark and remain until near midnight, promenading the streets, armed with clubs, watching for the Know Nothings; but had they struck a single blow, oh! Lord, thou mightst have had mercy on us all, for Thou knowest the mercy of the Know Nothings, when once aroused!—I suppose. They, the Harrisites, generally went in squads of two and four, very seldom was one seen by himself—each seemed afraid that if he went alone he might be picked up, and carried off where nobody might happen to "Know Nothing" of his whereabouts.—Now, friends of the democracy, let me give you some advice before I leave you. Never let your passions rule your brains, if you have any; I think your passions are working much harder than your brains at the present time. I hope you will do better hereafter. I am very sure that you have injured your party by your conduct in this matter, for many of your party have joined the secret society, and others, I am confident, will not vote as it is expected they will. I have voted with you for years, and have been acquainted with your secret intrigues to some extent, and with those of all the political parties, but I consider you decidedly the slippryest. I have studied politics considerably, and believe that now is the time for the honest, of your kind, to come out and join reform.

Mr. editor,—You have heard of the wound that some of our Petersburg jail and grog shop "whig" Harrisites, have inflicted on brother "McCord."—If it proves fatal you may expect a long procession of native Americans at his funeral, for I think that we could raise near two hundred—do not be alarmed, Mr. editor, depend upon it, we are all here in "good keeping." Yet, should brother "John" survive, you need not be surprised if the antics "play the mischief." But, is brother John dead? If so, I have not been informed of the fact. Or doth he sleep? If he sleepeth, then let him awake, rub his eyes and look about him as did old Rip Vanwinkle, after his mountain snooze of seven long years. The antics seem to be aggrieved that brother "John" did not give his place of residence. Now, if they want to know where I reside I take pleasure in informing them, in advance, that they may expect to find me just above the rapids of "Shinville," where I shall be at all hours, except when otherwise engaged.

We are trying to do something down here for the cause of our country, and if our beloved friends the inveterate and alarmed Harrisites, do not like our endeavors, they can help themselves to any remedy the ingenious "Major" may suggest. There are hundreds of us in Menard, who once respected Harris, but who are now so disgusted with his course, in his own town, since the canvass commenced, that we want to vote for a man that has American principles, and a [illegible] least, respect for others than those who gath[er in] the streets of our village, with clubs, cursing and threatning good and peaceable citizens, who will not take part in the crusade against those who choose to think for themselves.

The American movement is of recent planting, yet it cannot be easily plucked up, however much corrupt men may strive for that end. But, it's getting late, and I must close—Petersburg Harrisites, good night—you will find me at the place designated above—here Jane, turn down my collar and let me go to bed—wait till I tell the editor that my name is quaintly pronounced

JOSHUA LIPLINDER

Petersburg, 19th Sept.

For the Daily Enterprise.

"One week in Chicago."

MR. EDITOR:—In your paper of last Tuesday I notice an article with the above caption, and although it is, perhaps, too absurd to require any notice, yet as a citizen of Chicago, I may be permitted to give some idea of what the facts in the case were, as your correspondent was either ignorant of them, or has willfully misrepresented them.

In the first place permit me to say, that no one who knows me, can accuse me of having the slightest tendencies towards abolitionism. I am now, and always have been in favor of the fugitive slave law, and its strict enforcement whenever occasion requires. But sir, by that law I am not aware that any man or set of men, whether owners of the fugitives or not, are permitted to come to any city and arrest an alleged slave, or if he make resistance, to shoot him down on the spot. These men did come to Chicago, and without showing their warrants or calling on a single officer for aid proceeded to take a negro, in broad day, in a city which is well known to contain a large number of persons opposed to this law and its execution, at all hazards. I have yet to hear the first man (and I have heard several strong anti-abolitionists express their opinions) say that in his judgment these catchers acted legally. Now, whatever threats of lynching may have been made came from a very low class of the community, and met with no response in the hearts of more liberal minded citizens. The prisoners were tried before a justice, not a "jury," and were ably defended, but were bound over to appear at the next term of the Recorder's court, to answer the charge of "assault with intent to commit bodily injury." Though I am free to admit that scenes have lately been exhibited here of which Chicago should be ashamed, I must deny that anything wrong or dishonorable has taken place in the whole course of proceedings in the case above referred to.

H.

Chicago Sept. 20th, 1854.

SUSPICION OF FOUL PLAY.—There was considerable excitement on Monday afternoon and yesterday, in reference to serious charges made by the friends of the wife of Geo. W. Green against Mr. Green, her husband. It seems that Mrs. G. had been sick for some time past, and died suddenly on Sunday morning last, about 4 o'clock, under circumstances which led her friends to suppose that she was poisoned. Some of the circumstances as related to us, which led to these suspicions, were as follows:

Some of the friends of Mrs. Green went to his house on Sunday morning about ten o'clock, having learned incidentally that she was dead. Mr. Green already had the grave dug in his garden to bury her. In the afternoon a little girl was playing in the garden of Mr. Green with one of his little sons; the boy told the girl that his father gave his mother some medicine from a bottle and then threw the bottle away. They then found the bottle and the little boy threw it away to show how far he could throw it. The little girl told these things to her father—a brother of Mrs. Green this gentleman, Fleming H. Revell, called on the Coroner on Monday morning and made known his suspicions to Mr. Hines. The Coroner took with him Dr. Bird, Dr. Max Myers, Dr. Freer and Dr. Morfit, who instituted a post mortem examination.

They found no cause of death, and preserved the stomach and a portion of the intestines for chemical analysis. About noon a jury was called who ordered the arrest of Green. The coroner admitted him to bail on five thousand dollars; but in the course of the afternoon a warrant was sworn out against him for murder, and placed in the hands of Sheriff Bradley. When the Sheriff went to Green's house to arrest him, he drew a rifle and bowie knife, and threatened to shoot him. The sheriff and his assistant drew revolvers, and Mr. Green surrendered.

Among other circumstances regarded as suspicious, it is stated, that Mr. Green did not let some of his most intimate friends and nearest neighbors know any thing about his wife's death. His conduct since the circumstance, is said to be very different from that usual to him. It is also asserted that he and his wife lived unhappily together, and that he had been heard to wish that she was dead.—[Chicago Democratic Press 20th.

OUTRAGEOUS SHOOTING AND BOWIE KNIFE AFFRAY AT LEXINGTON, KY.—A WOMAN AND TWO MEN WOUNDED.—We learn from gentlemen from Lexington last evening, that a most disgraceful and bloody affray occurred at the Fair Ground in the vicinity of that city yesterday, in which a negro woman, the property of Dr. Letcher, was shot in the mouth. Mr. Thomas Ferguson was literally scalped with a bowie knife in the hands of Mr. Charles Burford, and George H. Thomas, of Mount Sterling, was shot in the thigh by Thomas Buford, of Woodford.

The origin and particulars of this sad affair, as we are informed, are as follows: Messrs. G. H. Thomas and Thos. Buford had a regular fight in the morning, in which Thomas was worsted. He proceeded to town and returned a little after 12 o'clock, to the Fair Ground, in the vicinity of the ladies' stand, surrounded by five hundred people, where he again encountered his opponent, Buford, and drawing a revolver, fired four or six shots, our informant thinks six, but the telegraph report says four, which were returned by Buford with another revolver.

In the melee the negro girl was shot in the mouth, the ball passing out at the neck, inflicting a very dangerous wound, and Thomas was shot in the thigh, a second pistol was handed to Thomas by Thos. Ferguson, when Chas. Buford drew a bowie knife and fell upon Ferguson, inflicting a terrible gash on his head, and it was thought his eye was cut out.

The shots were fire indiscriminately into the crowd, chiefly women, and it was a miracle that no one else was hit. John J. Crittenden and Gov. Letcher were in close proximity to the belligerents and upon hearing the bullets whistling about their ears concluded the parties were in earnest, and made a hasty retreat from the scene of action.—The ladies were terribly frightened at this outrage perpetrated in their midst, and the utmost consternation prevailed among them for some time. Such scenes of violence are of too common occurrence in Kentucky, and it is to be hoped that the authorities of Lexington will make an example of the guilty party.—[Louisville Courier.

MORMON BANDITTI.—It appears that a very large and daring band of thieves are perpetrating systematic outrages in Northern Illinois, breaking into houses and taking provisions, money, and various other articles. On Sunday night they broke into the house of Mr. Emery, at Hainesville, carrying off money &c. In their hasty flight they left a letter, purporting to be from one of the gang to his wife, in which the success and adventures of the company are communicated. It states that their rendezvous is 80 miles from Chicago and 30 from Voree. From the fact that Voree is the name of an old Mormon settlement near Burlington Wisconsin, abandoned some years ago for Beaver Island, it is conjectured that the gang is composed of Mormons from that island, who are thus collecting a store of provisions, &c., which are probably brought to some lake port and shipped.—[Waukegan Advocate.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.—A brick out building at the Carr Place was struck by lightning yesterday morning at about 2 o'clock; it was occupied by the French Pyrotechnic Troupe, Monsieurs Catoir, Beaugeau, Auguste and Edward, for the preparation of their various fire work pieces, and at the time contained a large amount of combustible materials, such as rockets, bombs, mealed powder, &c., together with their machinery and canvass pavilion. For the better security of their works they were in the habit of sleeping in the building where they worked, as was the case in this instance. The instant the house was struck, the fluid communicated with the combustible material and a fearful explosion took place, tearing the building to atoms and instantly killing Catoir and Edward; Beaugeau escaped without injury, Auguste was considerably burned, though not dangerous. Every thing within the building was totally destroyed, either blown to pieces or burned. The charred bodies of the unfortunate victims presented a horrid sight. The loss will fall heavy on Mr. Wood, lessee of the garden, Dr. Chambers, who has made considerable expenditures toward their contemplated exhibitions, and Beaugeau and Auguste who are left destitute of even a particle of clothing, and who are strangers in our midst, unable even to speak our language.—[St. Louis Herald 19th.

A GOOD ONE.—Some chaps in Wheeling last Saturday night, placed themselves under the window of a young lady for the purpose of a serenade. After listening to their excruciating "strains" for a while, the lady threw up the sash, and, in a suppressed tone, informed the serenaders that she could not admit them through the front door, but invited them to present themselves at a certain door in the back building. They were accordingly admitted in the dark; the lady excusing herself "for a moment," left the room, and turned the key of the door upon them; and in a few minutes their ardor was considerably dampened by a copious flow of water from a hydrant in the room. We need not add that the mischievous girl had invited them into a bath room and voted them its privileges.

AN IRISH WIDDER.—Last week two medical officers were called upon to view the condition of some Irish inhabitants, situated at the bottom of Westgate Leeds. One of the medical men asked the mistress of the house—

"Why don't you keep it cleaner?"

The reply made by the woman was, that she was 'poor widow, and couldn't afford it."

"How long have you been a widow?" quoth the doctor.

"Sure enough, yer honor, for these [illegible]."

"Of what complaint did your husband die?" said the man of physic.

"Och, he never died at all, he run away with another woman."

YATES' ELECTION.—We were visited in our office yesterday, by a gentleman who has recently travelled extensively over this Congressional District, who gives a cheering account of the prospect of Mr. Yates for re-election. Although a Democrat of the straightest sect, he can by no means swallow Douglas and Nebraska, and he informs us that in all parts of the district the best and most reliable Democrats, repudiate the new test and the candidate who advocates it, and will vote for Yates. He remarked—"I have always been a Democrat, and am a Democrat still, but our party leaders have left us, and our Democracy will not allow us to follow them off the Democratic platform." This we believe to be the sentiment of two thirds of the Democratic voters in Morgan county.—[Jacksonville Constitutionist.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—On Sunday evening last, as Mr. James Sappington, of North Prairie, in this county, was on his way from church to this place, he met with a serious accident, which may disable him for many years. While descending a steep hill some half mile from town, his horse became frightened, and before the animal's speed could be arrested, the buggy was upset and Mr. S. thrown upon the ground, and his scapula was severely fractured, and two ribs broken. From the effects of these severe wounds, it is feared that Mr. Sappington will not soon recover. He is now at the residence of Mr. Strange in this place, laboring under severe pain from this melancholy occurrence.—[Ill. Valley Register.

Writing Papers.

HAVING made arrangements with Messrs. Owen & Hurlbut, paper makers, South Lee, Mass., for a supply of their papers by the case, we are prepared to offer great inducements to merchants and others to purchase their supply of us, as we are enabled to sell from 10 to 15 per cent. cheaper than heretofore. Our present stock is now very complete, embracing all the various qualities of Cap, Letter, Quarto and Bath Post, Folio and Bank Post, and also a great variety of Note papers, ruled or unruled, and gilt edged. No. 10, south side square.

aug25 BIRCHALL & OWEN.

DRIED BEEF—A fresh stock, just received and for sale by
j23 H. LAVELY.

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New Boot and Shoe Store.

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NEW ARRIVAL OF BOOKS;

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Just Received by Express.

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JEWETT & ROOT, IN CHICAGO.

JOHN C. GARLAND,

TRUNKS, VALISES,

Fire Engine Hose;

WORMWOOD CORDIAL.

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Stoves at Wholesale.

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The Cherokee.

$10 REWARD!

CHICAGO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD.

GREAT CENTRAL ROUTE.

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What Every Body says must be True.

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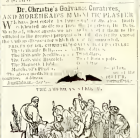


TUESDAY, : SEPTEMBER 19.

How the World was made.—If you would know how the world was made, look into a basin of dirty water—your wash bowl for example. See the thin particles of matter gradually come together by mutual attraction, and then hang suspended in the watery element, or sink to the bottom. Each particle is instinct with a sort of life or force, which impels it to seek out some other substance, and by continual accretion thus build up a little world of matter. Thus as soon as the aqueous fluid disappears becomes dry land or earth, and afterwards undergoes various ingenious changes. How this matter originated is another thing, a long way antecedent to its formation into existing shapes. Many of the ancients held it to be eternal, but the first verse of Genesis settles that matter, and informs us that it was God who created it. This probably is the sum of all we shall ever know upon the subject.

Autumn.—Old Autumn—spoken of so irreverently, by poet and enthusiastic lover of country that it is almost time to call him by a new name except that it were unfashionable—Old Autumn then, is here. September is with us. Leaves will drop. Mornings will be wet and foggy But the noondays will be warm and Summer like as ever:

"To swell the gourd and plump the hazel shell
With a sweet kernel."

Strychnine.—The Columbus Democrat says that distillers employ strychnine in the manufacture of whiskey. In some places poison is used to such an extent that hogs die in great numbers from drinking the still slop. And we may add that it is known that this deadly poison is used in other liquors beside whiskey. A few months ago, some pure cognac brandy was analyzed in Washington, and was found to contain strychnine.

Reduced Size.—The Cincinnati Columbian has been compelled by the high price of paper to reduce its size very materially. The scarcity of paper is creating alarm in the publishing world and the London Times offers a reward of $25,000 for the discovery of some cheaper substitute than rags for the production of paper.

OBITUARY.

Died, surrounded by many mourning friends, on the 11th instant, at the residence of Hon. Major. Tho's. Harris, Bill Nebraska, infant son of Steve Douglas. He was the adopted child of Maj. Harris, and the prop of his declining days—aged nine months. He was indeed a lovely child, and well might the "Harrisites" put on mourning and wail loud when Bill gave up the ghost.

Some say he died of a stone bruise received in the "Chicago riot," while in attendance of his beloved father, others say he died of grief, but the best opinion seems to be that he died from the bad handling of his nearest friend, Major Harris. Bill was a tender flower, and the Major a bad nurse—Bill was one of those precocious children, who was born with a full mouth, and although his life was brief, he created a deep sensation throughout the Union.

He was indeed an unfortunate child; he had no mother, and his father a "giant" (!) a monster of modern times. Bill, a short time before his death was fully converted to the Catholic religion, and received absolution from his reverence, the priest.

He will be buried in the dark vale of oblivion on the 20th instant. Funeral services will be performed by Bill's estranged uncle, Mr Anti Nebraska, a gentleman much admired throughout the Union. (It was unfortunate that Bill's father and uncle should have had such a falling out at Bill's birth, and it is a source of regret that there will be fusses in families.

All aliens and foreigners, Roman Catholics in particular, and Nebraska men in general, are respectfully invited to attend the funeral. Bill would have been glad to met once again, on this side of the grave, his abolition friends, and ask their pardon; but alas, that joy was not given him.

Poor Bill, he died hard—let him now rest in peace, for he was indeed a penitent.

He left a lock of his hair for his other uncle, Fred Douglass, in token of his reconciliation to that beloved relative. J. M.

Petersburg. Sept. 18, 1854.

Life on the Sidewalk.—Mr. Foster, author of "New York in slices," and other similar works, in his last production, "Fifteen minutes around New York," makes the following reflections:

"We live on the sidewalk: we dine, dress, talk, and make society, in public; we marry for money, and live for appearances. Our shops have all their goods in the street window, women are made of cotton, and the ideas that should enrich their brains, are developed in flaunting finery upon their bonnets. Even our splendid hotels and public houses are veneered with marble and stuffed in with old brick-bats—their magnificence is only skin deep.—Their parlors are palatial, whilst the bed-rooms would disgrace a country tavern. Our steamboat builders spend a hundred thousand dollars in useless flummery and gaudy upholstery, and save two dollars a month by employing an ignoramus drunkard for engineer, who blows the whole concern to the devil, on the first fair opportunity.

"Our newspapers cut each others throats and spend thousands upon thousands, in printing the largest sheets, and getting the earliest intelligence by telegraph, of events which would be deemed utterly insignificant, had they transpired under their own nose—and even our churches exhaust the purses of their congregation in building spacious edifices and furnishing them extravagantly, while hundreds of miserable, God and man forsaken wretches swelter in vice and filth, and starve and rot around their very walls. Ostentation and heartlessness are the vices of the day—and their worst feature is, that whilst they make so many wretched, they do not confer either dignity or happiness upon their owners. A little taste, a little aspiration for refinement, and a little genuine human nature, would be a million times better than this universal human crystal palace into which the world is arranging itself.

China.—A gentleman who resides in San Francisco, California, states that another insurrection has broke out around Canton. He says:

The clipper North Fleet arrived from Hong Kong, on the 16th ult., in thirty five days. I learn that all the foreign merchants have been compelled to leave Canton, and have gone on board men of war of their respective nations. Also, that two ships bound to California, laden with Chinamen, had been lost in the China seas, with one thousand lives. I learn that a French officer of high rank came passenger from Bombay, and immediately took passage in the steamer for your city. He appeared as if he had some important business or dispatches, and was in great haste to obtain his passage.

In speaking of the insurrection he adds:

The disturbed districts are between the Bogue Forts, at the mouth of the Canton river, and the city. The large town of [illegible] is in possession of the rebels, and there [illegible] rumors that Canton would be invested, although the foreign residents expressed a good deal of confidence in their position.

The Governor-General had decapitated three hundred persons within the previous fortnight, with a view to terrify the insurgents.

The barks Hygeia and Topaz were wrecked on the Prata Shoals, and four hundred passengers still remained there. The Friend of China severely censures the community of Hong Kong for the tardiness with which they furnished relief to the distressed vessels.

The U. S. brig Porpoise has left for the Gratas, no doubt for the purpose of affording assistance.

Poisoning.—A negro woman attempted to poison her master, Mr. Rawlings, near Memphis, a few days ago, by mixing arsenic with his food. Discovering something peculiar in the taste of a piece of bread, he gave it to the dog, and it proved fatal in a few minutes. The assistance of a chemist was obtained, and the fatal agent was at once detected.

A brother of this negro woman, it is said, recently caused two children of his master to be drowned, in North Carolina, by cutting the under side of a foot log, where they were to cross a stream, in such a manner that it broke with their weight.

☞ During the insurrection at Madrid, a young man of twenty was detected picking pockets in the crowd. The insurgents seized him, led him to a barricade on which, as on all were inscribed the words, "The punishment of the thief is death." "Can you read?" they asked him. He could, and was ordered to read the inscription aloud. Then they hung five stolen handkerchiefs around his neck and shot him.

Fourth of July at Salt Lake City.—The following account of the celebration of the Fourth of July is taken from the "Deseret News," a paper published at Salt Lake City, the capital of Utah, and the headquarters of the Mormons:—

"The celebration of the glorious 4th was after the old fashioned way.

At sunrise a national salute by the artillery, with their brass field pieces. At the same moment the Nauvoo bell rung out its merry peals; small arms began rattling; the trumpet and bugle joined in the general salutation—whilst the various city bands, under their gallant Colonel, in their happiest mood, seemed to vie with themselves which should do best or loudest on the patriotic occasion.

Col. Geo. Smith was the orator of the day, and from the tenor of his oration there is no doubt the Pierce party will be called upon to carry out the non-intervention doctrine with regard to the infamous domestic institution of polygamy, in Utah. The writer said:

One individual in particular, during the present session of Congress, has become so enlightened as to say in the House, "You have no business with the domestic relations of Utah," and consequently, I think the principle is making headway.

The following were two of the toasts given on the occasion:

The Mormons—They know how to keep the eleventh commandment, viz—Mind your own business.

The Ladies of the Union—May they obey the first commandment, until then posterity shall cry, make room."

Cutting Up Thirty Years Ago.—The early settlers of the Ohio Reserve had their fun and frolic, as well as hardships and hard knocks. In his sketch of Tallmadge, Summit county, Mr. Bierce relates the following "high doings," which will call up reminiscences among the old settlers of similar scrapes about those days:

"The present elegant and spacious meeting house was commenced in 1822. Reuben Beech, long a prominent and worthy citizen, as well as exemplary member of the church, was chosen superintendent of the building. A day was appointed in which the timber for the house was to be drawn on to the ground, and to insure promptness, Mr Beech offered a gallon of whiskey to the man who would get the first stick on the spot. This stimulated them to exertion and each was anxious to win the prize.—Great preparations were made the night before—oxen kept yoked up all night—timber hauled into the road—and everything got ready for an early start and fair race in the morning. One man only appeared indifferent—that was Daniel Beach, now of Ruggles. He kept his oxen yoked up, but had prepared no timber. As soon as daylight appeared he hitched on to a fine stick that Justice Barns had prepared and drawn into the road, and before Barns was fairly awake, had his stick of timber upon the ground, and got the whiskey. So expeditious was he, that he had been sitting upon his log some time before Mr. Beech arrived with the prize. By the time it was fairly daylight the neighbors had mostly arrived, and the timber for the whole house was on the ground. The prize was more fairly distributed than won, and as the superintendent was the last man on the ground, it was resolved that he should be punished by an exhibition of him, and a proclamation of the fact around the town. He was accordingly chained on to a sled, and all the oxen attached to it, and the balance of the day devoted to exhibiting him around town in that situation."

A Woman of Good Taste.—The following very happy and equally true sketch is from the London Quarterly:—"You see this lady turning a cold eye to the assurances of shopmen, and the recommendation of milliners. She cares not how original a pattern may be, if it be ugly, or how recent a shape, if it be awkward. Whatever law fashion dictates, she follows a law of her own, and is never behind it. She wears very beautiful things, which people generally suppose to be fetched from Paris, or at least made by a French milliner, but which as often are bought at the nearest town, and made up by her own maid. Not that her costume is either rich or new—on the contrary, she wears many a cheap dress, but it is always pretty, and many an old one, but it is always good. She deals in no gaudy confusion of colors—nor does she affect a studied sobriety; but she either refreshes you with a spirited contrast, or composes you with a judicious harmony.

Not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her. She puts no faith in velvet bands, or gilt buttons, or twisted cordings. She is quite aware, however, that the garnish is as important as the dress; all her inner borders and heading are delicate and fresh, and should anything peep out which is not intended to be seen, it is quite as much so as that which is. After all there is no great art either in her fashions or her materials. The secret simply consists in her knowing the three grand unities of dress—her own station, her own age, and her own points! And no woman can dress well who does not. After this, we need not say, that whoever is attracted by costume will not be disappointed in the wearer. She may not be handsome, nor accomplished—but we will answer for her being even tempered, well informed, thoroughly sensible, and a complete lady.

Siberian Ladies.—A Siberian bride is required, on arriving at her husband's house, to invite guests to a dinner that shall prove her quality, and upon which, in fact, her future reputation will depend. It must be prepared by her own hands, and both to herself and her parents' shame will be the consequence if she be found deficient. If her dinner prove a triumph, it will recommend to honorable notice not only herself, but also the family in which she was soundly trained.

Men marry for domestic comfort in a place where they are quite unable as bachelors to get it. Wives, therefore, are in great demand, and women have opportunity to make choice of their own husbands. Great as is the nicety of rank among the Berezovians, or inhabitants of the town of Berezov, in marriage all distinctions founded on it are set aside as inconvenient. The daughter of a poor Cossack may be courted by a high government functionary, and will not unfrequently refuse him. During the brief summer, Berezovian ladies visited and went to parties in thin attire. There was a great display of silks and satins, and feminine finery. But when September opened, with a heavy fall of snow, and the whole dirty town suddenly looked clean, and became covered with a sheet of white, the ladies and gentlemen out of doors underwent, to the amusement of the exiles, a great transformation. They all turned out like a herd of white bears, that is to say, in Ostiak costume.

Extraordinary Affair.—Our neighboring village of Woodbridge was the scene of a most extraordinary occurrence on Sunday last, and as a variety of stories in regard to it are afloat, we have taken some pains to get the truth of the matter.

It seems that a young man named Hogan, whose parents are Catholics, and who reside at the Short Hills, had been for some time an attendant at the Methodist church of the Rev. Mr. Graves, at Woodbridge, and Sunday was to be received into the church.

On Saturday, a message was received by his parents, that if the son did not appear at the Catholic church in Rahway, and make recantation, his death would be the consequence. In the course of the night quite a number of Irishmen collected around the house, and the young man leaving some violence, slipped away unperceived, and walked to Woodbridge. He expressed a willingness to leave the place, as he feared he should get his friends into trouble, but he was told the law would afford ample protection to all.

At the opening of morning service a number of Irishmen collected around the door, and the father of the young man attempted, forcibly, to prevent his entrance, but the effort was unavailing. In the afternoon a still larger crowd assembled, and the father and mother of the young man, backed by their friends, attempted to drag him off by main force. At this juncture, a magistrate, Mr. Jackson, interfered and ordered a release, which was quietly but promptly done.

Threats were made of further violence in the evening, and a request for assistance was sent to Rahway, in order that any rioters making their appearance from here might be identified for arrest.—The appearance of a strong force from here, who were understood to be prepared for any emergency, with the arrangements made there by the magistrate, had the desired effect, and no further disturbance occurred. We need make no comments.—[Rahway (N. J.) Advocate.

Egg Story.—Bosworth of the New York Courier writes from Paris, that the "eggs and bones of the huge bird have been discovered in Madagascar, in the country of the Sakalaves. In 1850 two eggs and fragments of bones of a similar kind were sent to France and placed in the museum of natural history, at the Jardin des Plantes. Capt. Armange, of the French merchant service, has just brought home two other of these eggs, and he declares that the Malgaches assured him, in the most positive manner, that an immense bird still exists in the interior of the island, and that it was able to carry off a cow. One of the eggs now brought home contains nearly three pints more than those in the museum. How far these discoveries may go to verify the history of Sinbad, the Sailor, the reader may judge.

☞ The Emperor Nicholas is getting ugly in the hands of the allies. He is reported to have said, in reference to the English:

"They may repel me from the Danube, they may enter Cronstadt, and take possession of St. Petersburgh; they may force me to retire from Moscow; but they must drive me from the wilds of Siberia, or take me prisoner in the mountain passes of the Ural, before I cease to strive for the position I have taken."

Dishonesty.—A lady while proceeding along Adams street yesterday, dropped a porte monie, containing a small amount of silver. A man who was behind her, immediately picked it up and put it in his pocket. The lady had scarcely moved five steps from the spot where she had dropped the money, before she was aware of her loss, and turning round she asked the man if he had seen anything of it. He said he had not, and told her that he was very sorry she had been the loser. After searching a few minutes in vain, she started homewards, and the man went into a store near by, where he purchased some articles, and paid for them with the money he had so nicely purloined, as he thought, from the lady. We suppose he was not aware that a gentleman of the highest respectability was watching him all the while.

One week in Chicago.

Hillsboro, Ills., Sept. 15.

Mr. Wash Wright, Dear Sir:

I have had the pleasure of spending one week in the noted city of Chicago; the place which (until lately,) has always been considered the Garden City of the West, and the pride and boast of Illinois; but which now is considered by every white man a disgrace, instead of an honor, to this great and flourishing state.

I had the exquisite pleasure of seeing a part of that great abolition mob drama which was performed there on last Sunday week, (the 10th;) and if ever there was anything calculated to unstring the feelings of a Man it was that. Only to think of a man who has legal property in the city of Chicago, when he goes to get possession of that property he is grossly insulted by a band of Niggers and Abolitionists, who swear that he has no right to that property, and that if he persist in his intention of obtaining that property, they will publicly "tar and feather" him. Now all this did occur in Chicago on last Sunday week. The first I knew of the circumstance, I was walking along one of the principal streets, when my attention was arrested by an uncommon loud noise, and occasionally I could hear the words "lynch them," "tar and feather them," and such like demonstrations of a motley crew. I halted to see what was up when I saw three well-dressed men, led on by a posse of police and surrounded by a band of niggers and abolitionists, numbering no less than 300, from whom these loud demonstrations of the lynch law, were still issuing. I verily believe if the police had not used their utmost exertion to keep back the crowd, that those men (men who were only trying to get what legally belonged to them,) would never have been taken to that jail alive.—The police (by their manly exertions) finally succeeded in getting them safely within the walls of the jail; and it was well for those men that they did, for if they had been kept out in the streets one hour more, they would most certainly have been tarred and feathered. And what for? for shooting a d—d nigger.

This was about 1 o'clock p. m. All the rest of the afternoon the court house yard was filled to overflowing; by white men? No! by niggers and abolitionists! It was really amusing to hear the "niggers" in their private consultations. All were of the opinion that the d—d white rascals "ought to be burnt."

About dusk the crowd dispersed, and all was quiet until Monday afternoon, when the prisoners were taken from the jail to a magistrate's office, to have a fair and just trial. (The idea of a white man having a fair and just trial in Chicago!)—The excitement was now as great as ever; still the same cries of "lynch them," "tar and feather them," rang through the air. The greatest excitement still prevailed until towards evening, when the prisoners were again taken back to jail, the jury being unable to come to any conclusion. I remained in Chicago until last Thursday evening. The prisoners still in jail, waiting until the court could form an opinion. If this is not a disgrace to Illinois, what is or what could be? Time and space prevent me from commenting; I will wind up with a very few words more. I would advise those men to do what the "court" requires of them as soon as possible, and then not to remain in Chicago long enough for a nigger (or what is worse, an abolitionist.) to get sight of them.

I sincerely hope the St. Louis and Illinois papers will look at this matter in its proper light, and give Chicago what she so justly deserves. Do not be afraid; there are more white men in Illinois than niggers and abolitionists!

DEUTERONOMY.

Learned Elephant.—"That's a werry knowing hanimal of yours," said a cockney gentleman to the keeper of an elephant.

"Very," was the cool rejoinder.

"He performs strange tricks and hantics, does he?" inquired the cockney, eyeing the animal through the glass.

"Surprising!" retorted the keeper, "we've learnt him to put money in that box you see away up there. Try him with a dollar."

The cockney handed the elephant a dollar, and sure enough, he took it in his trunk, and placed it in a box high up out of reach.

"Well, that's wery hextraord'nary—hastonishin' truly! Now let's see him take it out and hand it back."

"We never learnt him that," retorted the keeper with roguish leer, and then turned to stir up the monkeys and punch the hyenas.—[Spirit of the Times.

No Dying on the Prairies.—One of the excursionists on the upper Mississippi, says: "Our driver was asked if it was healthy on the prairies? 'Yes,' he said, 'people never really die on them. They keep living until they kind o' gradually dry up, and then they blow away. Sometimes, when folks want to die as they do in the East, they move out and go down the river.'"

☞ We have an acquaintance who would like to swear, but lacks the courage. When he wants to be expressive, he says, "may I be Amsterdamned" if it is so. Neat way, that, of getting round a stump, ain't it?

☞ "Mother, have I any children?" asked an urchin of eight summers. "Why, no. What puts that in your head, boy?" "Because I read in the Bible to-day at school about the children's children." "Here, Biddy, this child is feverish, wash him in ice water and put him to bed."

"Is that the tune the old cow died on?" asked an Englishman, nettled at the industry with which a New Englander whistled Yankee Doodle. "No beef," replied Jonathan, "that are's the tune the old Bull died of."

The Year [illegible].—According to American reckoning, we are in the 78th year of the Independence of the United States of America; the 1854th year of the Christian Era; the 6567th year of the Julian Period; the 5614th year since the creation of the world, according to the Jews; the 2607th year (according to Varro) since the foundation of Rome; the 2530th of the Olympiads, or the second year of the 633h Olympiads at 775 years before Christ; the 1270th year (of twelve lunations) since the Hegira or flight of Mahomet, which as is generally supposed took place on the 16th of July, in the year 622 of the Christian Era."

☞ Dick, who was hung at Dayton the other day, was inclined to have no faith in any religion but the Catholic, yet he was visited occasionally by Protestant ministers. About a week before he was hung, he was asked by one of these gentlemen, a worthy and talented man—"Have you any objection to my praying with you?" "I guess not," said Dick, "every little helps."

Naturally Answered.—"My dear," said an anxious father to a bashful daughter, "I don't intend that you shall throw yourself away on the wild worthless boys of the present. You must marry a man of sober and mature age—one that can charm you with wisdom and good advice, rather than with personal attractions. What do you think of a fine mature husband of fifty?" The timid meek blue eyed little daughter, looking into her father's face, and with the smallest possible touch of interest in her voice, answered:

"I think two of twenty-five would be better, Pa."

☞ The Hartford Times relates a singular story about rats. A pair of valuable horses were almost starved to death by the daily depredations of the vermin upon their allowance. The owner was astonished that with the quantity of grain he gave them they should become so thin, and watching one day, he discovered the cause. After the grain had been placed in the manger, five or six enormous rats descended, and rapidly devoured it, the poor horses, approaching their heads to satisfy their hunger, were bitten severely on the lips by the voracious robbers, and kept at a distance until the fodder was entirely abstracted.

TOBACCO.

The Dutchman sits by his old settee,
A-smoking a rank cigar,
And he grins and grins, he's so pleased is he
While puffing the smoke afar;
And he puffs and puffs, and he snuffles and snuffs,
Like a man with a bad catarrh.

The boon companion [illegible] him else,
And a [illegible] old quid he chaws;
And a plug of the weed that he [illegible] into bits,
He holds in his pocket paws;
And he spits and spits, and he squirts and spits
The slime from his juicy jaws.

And happy are they, as a pair of twins,
A-spitting and [illegible] there,
With a [illegible] between their chins,
Which they hold with the greatest care,
Forgetting their debts, forgetting their sins,
And [illegible] their want of prayer.

But it matters not that they take no pains,
[illegible] of [illegible] tobacco,
Let them smoke and chew till each throttle strains
O [illegible] they are [illegible] grave—
For men who can thus be-cloud their brains,
Have surely no [illegible] to save.

Know Nothings.—We are informed that at the municipal election at Alton, which came off on Tuesday, that the mysterious Know Nothings were triumphant, carrying their entire ticket. Mr. Oyes, formerly a very efficient policeman of this city, was elected City Marshall. We have not been able to learn the names of the other officers elect.—[St. Louis Herald.

☞ Says old Roger to a circle of young friends, "why is care to man like a tether to a sheep?" They all give it up. "It causes," said he, touching his forehead, "it contracts his browse."

☞ The Boston Post is in perfect ecstacy at the way the Democracy "are pulling it" to their opponents in Yates and Richardson's districts, in this State.

This reminds us of a man and his little son, who came across a woodchuck hole, into which their little dog forthwith ran. The "animile" being somewhat stirred up, forthwith seized the dog by the nose, who made a prodigious outcry.

"There," said the boy in perfect ecstacy, "Charm has got him!"

"Ah no [illegible]" the father, "he has got Charm!"—[illegible]

☞ A fellow at the West advertises for a partner to go on a spree. A person having five hundred dollars or more, an appetite for champagne, segars and sensualities, and ambition for red eyes, headache, and the downy side of a curbstone can hear of an excellent chance.

☞ A good many hundred years ago, Anacharsis said to Solon—"Give me leave to tell you, that these written laws are just like spider's webs, the weak and small may be caught and entangled in them, but the rich and powerful will break through and despise them." So it has continued to be always and everywhere.

High Prices.—Flour is at least one dollar higher in New York than it is in England, and somewhat higher than it is in California. In the face of the largest aggregate crop of wheat which the country ever produced, this is a singular state of thing. It is attributable in no small degree, to the farmers of the west, who hold back in the hope of higher prices. They will find it a rather up-hill business to hold out long against the inevitable laws of trade. The Buffalo Express, however, states that the receipts of flour and grain at that port during the present season, are far in advance of last year. The largest amount yet delivered in one day is 400,000 bushels—and each day brings a quantity that does not look much like a famine. Canada West will begin to disgorge her heavy crops upon us as soon as the reciprocity treaty, accepted by the Canadian Parliament, and the probability is that Western farmers will have to "ride behind."

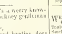
☞ "There is no rule without an exception my son." "Oh! isn't there, pa? A man must always be present while he is being shaved." "My dear, hadn't you better send this child to bed? he's too clever."

☞ A dealer in ready made linen in New York, advertises his shirts and gentlemen's under the modest appellation of "male and female envelopes."

A divine, once praying, said, "Oh, Lord! give us neither poverty nor riches," and pausing solemnly a moment, he added, "especially poverty."

FARMERS' & MECHANICS' FOUNDRY.

"Home Manufacture."



We return thanks for the very liberal support [illegible]

Window Caps and Sills.

Plain or Ornamental. We are prepared to furnish all kinds of buildings, from a church to [illegible] County Jail, at cheap rates. Also, Store Fronts, Columns, and all, and every other kind of castings.

We are also doing a large business in our

MACHINE SHOP,

where we are prepared to do all kinds of work in Brass or Iron, such as steam engines, mill [illegible] &c., &c.

Job work attended to promptly.

Patterns made to order at short notice.

Cash paid for old Iron, brass, copper, pewter and zinc.

BOOTH & ALLEN.

sep 5 dwtf. One door south of [illegible] Mill.

Good News to the Afflicted.

WE have just received [illegible] Compound Extract [illegible] Tonic [illegible]

Aug 22 dawtf

Dr. Christie's Galvanic Curatives, AND MORHEAD'S MAGNETIC PLASTER.

WE have just received a supply of the celebrated medicines [illegible]

PRICES OF DR. CHRISTIE'S GALVANIC CURATIVES:
The Galvanic Belt [illegible] Three dollars.
The Galvanic Necklace [illegible] Two dollars.
The Galvanic Bracelets [illegible] One dollar.
The Magnetic Fluid [illegible]
Morhead's Plaster [illegible] Twenty-five cents.

The above medicines can be safely sent to any part of the country. Address CORNEAU & [illegible]

Aug 22 dwtf

CURTAIN Damask [illegible] and embroidered [illegible] HAWLEY & LOOSE.
Sep. 1, 1854.

Bibles.

QUARTO, Cottage [illegible] all the various styles of binding, and of the small [illegible] family and pulpit Bibles [illegible] BIRCHALL & OWEN.

aug 23

TWO HOUSES AND LOTS FOR SALE.

ONE [illegible]

Premium Daguerreotype Gallery.

OVER [illegible] STORE,
West side of the Square, Springfield.

[illegible]

☞ Pictures [illegible]

JUST received [illegible]

MOLASSES.

200 BBLS. [illegible]
200 half bbls [illegible]
200 kegs [illegible]
100 bbls [illegible]

What Every Body says must be True.

AND every body says that [illegible] & [illegible] is the cheapest [illegible] in town. [illegible] Boots, &c., &c., to sell the [illegible]

June 24, 1854—dly.

LIFE AND HEALTH INSURANCE COMPANY.

MUTUAL PROTECTION [illegible] CAPITAL [illegible]

THE operations of the [illegible]

DR. J. H. WESTCOTT,
WILLIAM KLINE.
June 16, 1854—dawtf

EDGINGS, INSERTIONS, &c. [illegible]
Sept. 11.

Buffalo Printing Ink Company.

ON consignment, a large [illegible]

SHAWLS.—[illegible]
Sept. 11.

FORD'S HISTORY OF ILLINOIS.

JUST received by [illegible]

Arid matters.

RAVS [illegible] JOHNSON & BRADFORD.

SILK—300 [illegible] AYERS & WARDALL.
July 15, '54.

To Wagon Makers: Important and useful Invention. WHEELWRIGHT'S SPOKE MACHINE.

THE subscriber [illegible]

Who is prepared [illegible]

100 Quarto Family Bibles.

OF every [illegible] BIRCHALL & OWEN.

NEW [illegible] HAWLEY & LOOSE.

KNICKERBOCKER [illegible] JOHNSON & BRADFORD.

Scrap Iron Wanted.

THE subscribers [illegible]

YEAST [illegible]

JAMES [illegible]

STILL LATER.

[illegible]

Just Received—A [illegible] Works,

POSTPONEMENT, ILLINOIS STATE UNIVERSITY.

IN consequence [illegible] FRANCIS SPRINGER, President.
Springfield, Sept. 10, 1854.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

[illegible] PRITCHARD & CHAMBERS.

LOST

A [illegible] CORNEAU & DILLER.

Lime Juice.

[illegible] CORNEAU & DILLER.

Printer's Stock.

THE [illegible] BIRCHALL & OWEN.

IMPORTANT TO THE LADIES.

[illegible] YATES, SMITH & CO.

Large Sale of Lands and Personal Property.

THE [illegible]

FRESH FAMILY GROCERIES.

WM. PERCE.

[illegible]

SHOES AND BOOTEES,

[illegible]

HENRY LE CLAIRE, BAKER & CONFECTIONER.

(opposite the Baptist Church)

[illegible]

1854. FALL & WINTER TRADE. 1854. AYERS & WARDALL.

[illegible]

CITIZENS HEAR!

C. W. MATHENY [illegible]

PIANO FOR SALE.

[illegible]

Illinois State University.

THE [illegible] FRANCIS SPRINGER, President.
Springfield, Sept. 7, 1854.

To the Ladies.

[illegible]

$10 REWARD!

[illegible]

J. BUNN,

WHOLESALE and Retail dealer in Groceries, Wines, Liquors [illegible] J. BUNN.

SUNDRIES.

[illegible] J. BUNN.

COFFEE.

200 SACKS Rio [illegible] J. BUNN.

CHEESE! CHEESE!

100 BOXES [illegible] YATES, SMITH & CO.

SHOT and LEAD

200 BAGS Shot [illegible] J. BUNN.

POWDER.

100 KEGS [illegible] J. BUNN.

PAINTS, &c.

100 KEGS [illegible]

GLASS and GLASSWARE.

200 BOXES [illegible] J. BUNN.

SOAP and CANDLES.

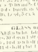
100 BOXES [illegible] J. BUNN.

SALT.

2,000 SACKS [illegible] J. BUNN.

Springfield Marble Works.

(EAST OF THE COURT HOUSE.)



[illegible]

—LEAD—

[illegible]

Bitters and Wines.

[illegible] JOHNSON & BRADFORD.

Dr. Davidson's Cholera and Diarrhœa Mixture.

[illegible] CORNEAU & DILLER.

100,000 Cigars.

[illegible] YATES, SMITH & CO.

SPICES.

100 [illegible]

To all whom it may Concern

[illegible]

Popular Works.

[illegible] BIRCHALL & OWEN.

TOBACCO.

100 BOXES [illegible]

J. H. HIGGINS, M. D.

RESPECTFULLY [illegible]

NAILS.

250 KEGS [illegible] J. BUNN.

OILS.

[illegible]

TEAS.

10 HALF CHESTS [illegible] J. BUNN.

SUGARS.

200 HHDS. [illegible] J. BUNN.

Express Goods.

[illegible] CONDELL & CO.

ALEXANDER FAYARD, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S FANCY BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

[illegible] YATES, SMITH & CO.

Excellent Conveniences.

[illegible]

POPULAR BOOKS—500 VOL'S.

WE are now receiving [illegible] BIRCHALL & OWEN.

BREAKERS AHEAD!

Wallace & Diller's WESTERN TONIC! THE OLD STANDARD, FEVER AND AGUE BITTERS.

[illegible]

EXTRAORDINARY CURES, COMPLETE SUCCESS.

[illegible]

CHILLS AND FEVER.

[illegible]

Writing Papers.

[illegible]

Hamilton's Cough Balsam, AND BLACKBERRY SYRUP.

[illegible] CORNEAU & DILLER.

LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCE.

Union Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Boston, Capital $100,000.

Hartford Life Insurance Company, of Hartford, Capital $200,000.

Mohawk Valley Insurance Company, of N. Y., Capital $200,000.

North American Mutual Insurance Co., N. Y., Capital $250,000.

Washington Union Mutual Insurance Co., Ohio, Accumulated Capital $225,000.

[illegible] J. H. CURRIER.

NOTICE.

[illegible]

PRESCRIPTIONS, EXTRACTS,

[illegible] CORNEAU & DILLER.

ENGLISH PRINTS—[illegible] HAWLEY & LOOSE.

Farm for Sale.

[illegible]

Large Sale of 50 Lots at Auction.

[illegible]

[illegible] WRIGHT & BROWN.

[illegible] WRIGHT & BROWN.

[illegible] WRIGHT & BROWN.

[illegible] WRIGHT & BROWN.

[illegible] WRIGHT & BROWN.